

# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

"Good-by, Jennie; the road is long,  
And the moon is hard to cross;  
But well you know there is danger  
In the bog and the marshy moss.  
So keep in the foot-path, Jennie;  
Let nothing tempt you to stray;  
Then you'll get safely over it,  
For there's sunlight all the way—  
Sunlight all the way;  
So never you fear,  
Keep a good heart, dear,  
For there's sunlight all the way."

The child went off with a blessing  
And a kiss of mother-love;  
The daisies were down at her feet,  
And the lark was singing above.  
On, on in the narrow foot-path—  
Nothing could tempt her to stray;  
So the moon was passed at nightfall,  
And she'd sunlight all the way—  
Sunlight all the way;  
And she, smiling, said,  
As her bed was spread,  
"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,  
Kept thinking, as I went,  
Over the perilous road of life  
What unwary feet are bent.  
If they only could keep the foot-path,  
And not in the marshes stray;  
Then they would reach the end of life  
Ere the night could shroud the day.  
They'd have sunlight all the way.  
But the marsh is wide,  
And they turn a side,  
And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep the narrow path,  
Nor turn to left or right;  
For if we loiter at morning,  
What shall we do when the night  
Falls back on our lonely journey?  
And we mourn our vain delay?  
Then steadily onward, friends, and we  
Shall have sunlight all the way—  
Sunlight all the way,  
Till the journey's end,  
And we reach the shore  
Of a never-ending day.  
—Harper's Weekly.

## STORY TELLER.

### Bret Harte's Troubles.

"If I only had some money," said Bret, and sighed. "Seems if nobody never was so poor as me an' my folks! An' school begins in two weeks! Dear me, suz, what shall I do?"

He took off his crownless dirt-colored straw hat, gave himself a shake, thrust his grimy fingers through his curly yellow hair, and looked almost melancholy for a minute.

"Dear me, suz!" he continued, bringing his hands from his hair to his pockets and contemplating his two toes as he dug them in the sand. "Hallo! what's this?"

He stooped, or, rather, swooped down on "this" with a kind of howl. It was a gold ring set with a blue stone.

"Suz was all he could say for at least five minutes, as he turned the dainty jewel in his fingers then slipped it on the first finger of his left hand and flashed it in the sun.

"Suz! what luck?"

He looked off across the blue water with a curious shine in his eyes, which might be tears. "An' me as thought I couldn't go to school no more cause I hadn't no money for things! Suz, man! what luck?"

But suddenly there came a shadow over his face.

"But—taint—mine!"

The shadow grew deeper. And out of the shadow grew another curious expression, changing the whole open countenance of the boy, as, looking cautiously around, he slipped the ring into his pocket.

"Guess 'tis, though!"

"Losers, seekers;  
Finders, keepers."

Leastways it's mine till some one claims it. An' if no one claims it, I can sell it. Guess it's worth—worth—well—maybe—ten dollars. Diamond, I guess—no—diamond's color o' water, I heard some one say. Well, this is too. That's water, ain't it?"

and his eyes glanced across the Bay whose waters were indeed blue—just the color of the stone in the ring.

"Yes, guess it's a diamond," said Bret, as he took in the fact. "If water's blue—an' 'tis—an' a diamond's the color o' water—why then—why then—course this is a diamond."

For, like a flash of light, at sight of her Bret knew it was her ring. He remembered that this same pretty lady had stopped him one day to ask about having his father's boat for an hour. Her hands were bare and he remembered the gleam of sunbeams caught in the blue stone of the ring on her finger. He remembered, too, how, as she stood thinking for a moment, she laid the ring against her lips and forgot him for awhile as she looked across the sea.

Bret still loitered on the beach, and the ladies went on. If he could only be sure! He waited—waited till the group came back, and again Miss Eldridge stooped to pick up a shell. Then Bret saw the ring was gone.

Watching closely he saw her close her lips tightly and press the fingers of her left hand with a nervous gesture across her mouth, as if trying to smooth out that sign of pain before she joined her companions again.

Bret saw her again that night by moonlight. She was with her dearest one intimate friend. Bret knew it was her dearest friend.

The two had come back by moonlight to look over the sand. He saw them stooping and carefully sifting it through their fingers.

"Why don't you advertise?" said the friend.

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" he heard the lady say. "It's gone! Buried in the sand! How could I be so careless! It was high tide and I was watching over the water for a piece of seaweed—and the next thing the ring was gone. I thought when the tide went out that I should find it."

The pretty lady ceased, but stood looking up at the moon with a look of utter desolation on her face.

"But some one may have found it, and if you advertise, they will know to whom it belongs."

"I can't, Jennie! I can't! I can't! I had such a strange feeling about that ring! It always hurt me to let people even look at it! I can't—can't have all the place gossiping about me and my ring! I would rather let it go—so. For it is lost anyway! Buried in the sand—buried in the sand!"

"He is dead," she went on, "and I—I hoped to be buried with the ring upon my finger. It was a sapphire—a dark blue sapphire. He said he chose it because 'blue' meant 'true.' He brought me four rings and I was to choose. And now he is gone—and my ring is buried in the sand. And I am alone!"

"Don't say anything about it, Fanny," she continued after a moment's silence. "I can't bear to have the people talk of it! I can't bear it!"

After that Bret saw Miss Eldridge often, and she always cast that anxious, longing gaze along the sands and pretended to prefer that particular part of the beach.

But how that ring burnt in Bret's pocket! And his heart felt like lump of lead in his side. Oh, how he wished he had given it up at once!

He found, too, that he didn't dare to sell the ring. He had made inquiries about the values of precious stones, and this one was worth, perhaps, a hundred dollars. The jeweler would accuse him at once of stealing if he offered it for sale. Then, too, inside the ring was written.

"LOIS ELDRIDGE 1876. B. H. W."

What should he do? What should he do? He was very miserable. If he gave up the ring, how could he own up that he meant to keep it? And yet if he didn't give it up, he didn't quite see how he was to live.

He could not eat his meals, and his mother wondered "what ailed the boy." He couldn't whistle and cut up capers, and the boys, with whom he had been a prime favorite always, wondered what had come over Bret Harte, who used to be the jolliest of fellows. He wouldn't go out fishing with his father for fear the boat should capsize and he be drowned. Therefore his father called him "lazy" and a "coward."

If a policeman appeared in sight it was all he could do to prevent his heels from running away with him. And if Miss Eldridge came near he would gladly have hidden himself in his boots, had such a feat been possible, he felt so utterly mean and contemptible. In fact he never had felt so miserable and self-humiliated in his life.

He grew sullen and morose, starting at every little sound. He didn't care if he never went to school again, now.

That was what he had wanted the money for—to buy his books and a pair of boots. He must have both before the winter term commenced. Sometimes he thought he would throw the ring away and herd it off. Twice he had gone down to the shore for that purpose and had changed his mind. Or, if he could only put it where Miss Eldridge would find it—that would ease his mind. But that he could not, for she and her friend had turned over all the sand for yards around the place where the ring had been lost; and now she merely glanced sadly at the place and passed on. Besides, Bret was afraid that if he hid the ring in the sand he should not be able to find it again. Sand was so treacherous, and the words: "Buried in the sand" haunted him, seeming to say that once buried it could never be found again.

Miss Eldridge was ill. A paragraph in the newspaper informed Bret of the fact, though he knew it very well without that. He had missed her on the beach for three days, and he knew very well that if she were able to be out she would have been down to the shore. Had not the sight of her paling cheeks and evident weariness, struck like a knife to his heart each time he saw her?

And now the very acme of his misery was reached, for was she not dying? There in the paper it was:

"That fatal and insidious disease, consumption, has fastened its fatal fangs upon one of our fairest and loveliest seaside visitors. Miss Eldridge, and for several days she has been unable to leave her room."

Half an hour later a servant at the St. Cloud was saying:

"He says he must see you, mum. He's Joel Harte, the fisherman's son, an' he says it's something very particular. An'—why, here he is, mum!"

as Bret without ceremony entered the elegant boudoir and went up to the couch where the invalid lay.

"Oh, I remember you," she said, turning to him with a smile. ("You may go, Mary," I remember you. I suppose you have come for the fifty cents I owe your father for the last boat-ride. I hadn't forgotten it.")

"No'm," began Bret—

"Why, child, you are white and trembling. What is it?"

"I—I—There 'tis!" and pushing the ring into her hand, Bret flung himself down by the sofa in an agony of grief.

All was quiet. After awhile Bret looked up with a sudden fear at his heart. Miss Eldridge lay with the ring against her lips. She had placed it on her finger again. She was white as death.

"Oh, I've killed her! I've killed her!" gasped Bret, in a transport of fear.

Slowly the color came back into the girl's face and a smile to her lips as she laid her hand upon his head.

"No, dear, I think you have saved me. Now, tell me all about it."

And then from Bret poured out a torrent of self-accusation, and confession, and self-condemnation. "Oh, Miss Eldridge, if I could only die for you?" he cried at last.

"I'm not going to die," said the girl. "I'm going to live and get well and take care of you."

"That's like Jesus Christ," said Bret, very softly. "He says to forgive them that hurt you, an' that's what you have done, Miss Eldridge."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these," whispered the girl to herself, her face transfigured with a new light and expression, as if now she had suddenly found something for which to live.

And sure enough Miss Eldridge did get well. She had an aim and purpose in living. She took Bret under her care, for she saw he had just been allowed to grow as Topsey did. And to-day Bret is a doctor and Miss Eldridge is the white haired lady that he waits upon with such devotion.

And people never found out what Bret's trouble was. He and Miss Eldridge have it for the one solemn secret between themselves and God.—*Mexico Independent.*

It is quite difficult to believe the story floating out from New York that a printer of that city hanged himself with the office towel. None of the printing-office towels that we have ever seen would admit of such a proceeding. As they are never washed, aged and ink impart to them all the characteristics of a base ball club, and hence had the printer knocked out his brains with the towel there would have been nothing surprising about the matter.

## SOME ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

A FEW GENTLE REMARKS ADDRESSED TO THE STERNER SEX.

Husbands should always appear before their wives in a neat and becoming attire. Remember that was one of your chief attractions during your courtship. A man is not at all beautiful *en deshabille*, and how can you expect to retain a woman's love if you suddenly drop all the blandishments that won it? Husbands, be neat. Never come to breakfast with your hair looking like a "fig tree shaken by a mighty wind," or soiled collar or necktie all awry. Never lounge about of a late hour in the evening, in stocking feet, suns coat and vest, and with slovenly suspenders. Had she chance to see you thus in courtship days, it would have taken a vast amount of romance out of her, depend upon it.

Never wear a clouded or angry countenance in the presence of your wife. No matter what the cares and annoyances of the day have been, before her you should be all sunshine. Thus you will make her happy, and forget your own troubles. In her own sphere she has petty vexations to bear that would break the spirit of any man alive. Don't add the burden of your, coo.

If the children are noisy and peevish, quiet and amuse them with as much tact as possible, in order that you disturb not their mother, who in the evening, should find rest and tranquility.

Above all, allow no impertinent word to arise to your lips should your wife object to your spending money on such selfish gratifications as expensive and choice cigars, while she is economizing in many little ways. Though you may think her in the wrong, you had better be ruled by her wishes, as thus you may avoid future unpleasantness.

If you wish to be the true companion of your wife, don't allow your tact to degenerate into a mere drudge and money-catcher. Keep your intellect refreshed by reading good books; read the things she reads and repeat to her the news, both political and general, that you have gleaned in the world outside her sphere.

Bear in mind that many overtaxed wives are mere bundles of nerves, so to speak, and subject to a thousand and one irritations that enter not into man's philosophy to comprehend.

## Several Ways to Retreat.

He is not a safe general who does not know how to conduct a retreat before an overwhelming enemy. On record there are retreats of armies which have covered the conductors thereof with glory.

Everybody has heard the story of the drummer boy who was taken prisoner, and carried before Napoleon. The Emperor professed to doubt his non-combative office, and ordered a drum to be brought; and he bade the lad to beat "to arms." The boy beat the call in a manner bespeaking him accomplished in the art.

"Now beat—Charge the whole line!"

Mercy! how the drum rang and rattled and snapped. It was enough to take a man off his feet.

"Good!" cried Napoleon. "I think you are a drummer. Now beat the retreat."

"Pardon, sire," said the boy, bowing very low. "I can not beat a retreat. I never learned it. My regiment never retreated."

The Emperor was so pleased with the boy's answer that he set him at liberty and furnished him with the necessary means to enable him to rejoin his friends.

It is related of one of the fighting generals engaged during the American war, that on a certain occasion he found his army in a position from which they must move one way or the other, very quickly. Before him were numerous deadly rifle pits and batteries, manned by a heavy and determined force of the enemy, from which shot and shell were being most murderously hurled. By and by an officer, dust covered and black with smoke, rode up to the General with the explanation: "If we would save our army, General, we must order a retreat at once."

"Ay," cried the commander, as he drew his sword, and gathering his reins while his eye literally blazed—"But it shall be a retreat plump into the face of the enemy! Follow me. By the help of the God of battles, I will lead this retreat myself!"

And away he went. When the quaking troops saw their beloved chieftain far in advance, where the shot and shell fell thickest, and his clarion notes call on them to follow, they gave a wild shout and rushed

after him; and very shortly thereafter the enemy's works, with the mass of the enemy's own personality, were in their possession. That was the way of retreating from danger.

## Street-Car Conductors.

LEARNING THE STREETS—KEEPING TRACK OF THE TRIP ON FOGGY NIGHTS—BLUNDERS AND MISTAKES.

A new conductor is placed on a brother conductor's car before he is allowed to run a car of his own. If he displays a knowledge of his work after a couple of days he is given a car and left to marvel at the ingenuity of the punch or the honest looking face of the clock-shaped fare-teller. It was a week before I learned the streets and the order in which they came, but at the end of that week I could name every street from one end of the line to the other, backward or forward, as fast as I could make my tongue fly. It was a week of worry while I was learning, though, for often I hadn't the remotest notion when I was coming to a street at which a lady had told me to stop the car. I would keep a straight face when she came to the door, with red cheeks and flashing eyes, and demanded the reason why I had not stopped at her street, and I answered that I had forgotten, for that would lead all the passengers and any spotter on the car to suppose that I was a regular old-time conductor. See?

But even after the streets are familiar I find it difficult to keep track of myself at night, especially if it is foggy, or if it rains, or even if it is very dark. When a car is crowded on a very wet night and I am inside collecting fares, the only way to keep track of my position is to duck down and peep out of the windows, watching for certain landmarks. Sometimes it is a white house, or a residence standing alone in its yard, or a queer old tree, or a vine clambering on a house front, or a series of vacant building lots, or a big gilt sign, or a curve in the railroad track. After experience, the new conductor can tell you where he is at any time without looking at anything outside of the car, but by simply glancing at his watch. I've been told by some conductors that they could shut their eyes, ride a mile, and tell you within a car's length to what point they had come.

The conductor must learn to observe the city ordinance requiring cars to be stopped on the further crossings, because by doing so the cross street is left clear for travel. Another thing to be learned is the method of using the indicators which have been introduced on many of the cars of the Metropolitan road. The indicator must be rung when a fare is taken up. "Not to do it is wrong." There is one at each end of the car, and the one at the forward end is the one to be rung. I mention this fact because a green conductor I had with me a few weeks ago spent a week with me, and you could not imagine that a human being could be so stupid. He tried to run one trip alone, and he succeeded in ringing the wrong indicator repeatedly, in ringing the indicator when he intended to ring the bell to stop the car, in stopping the car at the wrong crossing, and, in fact, blundering at every step.

"What is the most difficult thing to learn?"

"To run the car on time—neither too fast nor too slow."—*Boston Globe.*

The Jews free from the pestilence.

The members of the Jewish race are said to have one advantage over Christians; they are comparatively secure from pestilence. In the middle ages, when the plague appeared, so few Jews were smitten that the suspicions of the ignorant people were aroused, and the Jews were accused of poisoning the wells and rivers. During the three great outbreaks of cholera in Algeria the Jewish morality was only about one-half that of the Gentiles, and in Pesth in 1857 it was only one-seventh. At Rome in 1868 the cholera death-rate among the Roman Catholic population was three times as high as it was among the Jews.

## MICA BOOT SOLES.

Mica has been applied to a new use—that of fashioning it into middle soles to boots and shoes. The invention consists of a sheet of mica, embedded in thin coatings of cement, and placed in the boot or shoe under and adjacent to the insole, the upper leather of the shoe lapping over its edges, or next under the filling and the outer or bottom sole, and covering the under space from the toe to the instep.—*Boston Globe.*

## GIVING AWAY HIS WIFE.

### A Fortune-Teller's Strange Story.

### MARY CALLAHAN RECEIVES A DUMB HUSBAND.

### A Scheme of Vengeance

(Newark, N. J., Evening News.)

Mary Callahan is languishing in the County Jail awaiting trial before the Court of Special Sessions on a charge of breaking, entering and stealing. The complainant is John Hetchel, an old man who resides in the basement of a frame house in the rear of St. James's Church, and has been intimate with Mary for some time. He charged her with entering his room in the absence of himself and his alleged wife and robbing him of two old coats, two pairs of worn out pantaloons, a vest, an old shirt, and a wrapper belonging to Mrs. Hetchel. When arrested, Mary was sitting in Washington Park along with two friends of hers, Ann Eliza Pettinger and John Pettinger, the last lady's husband. She had the clothing and did not hesitate to pass the bundle over to Hetchel. She declared that the goods had been given to her by Hetchel, and that the arrest was a "put up job" between her lately dismissed husband and Hetchel. Judge Mills committed her for trial.

In looking into the case, a *News* reporter was treated to an interesting story, the central figure of which was the woman who was arrested for the alleged theft.

She is pleasant-looking, about twenty-five years of age. Her first husband's name was Christopher McGann. He was employed at Balbach's smelting works, and about four years ago was drowned in the canal. She then married James Callahan, a restaurant keeper at No. 7 Front street, and for a short time lived pleasantly with him. Callahan probably tired of his wife and evidently wanted to get rid of her. They quarreled and fought occasionally, and finally separated about six weeks ago. Judge Mills making out the separation papers, to which they subscribed. This paper she believed to be a divorce, and immediately made arrangements to marry William Pearson, a deaf and dumb man who is employed in William Titus' cracker bakery, 28 and 30 Lombardy street.

### A PROPHETIC FATE.

After the separation Mary went to live with Ann Eliza Pettinger at 85 Adams street. Mrs. Pettinger lives in the basement of the house in two rooms and enjoys the reputation of being a fortune teller, and of being gifted with a knowledge of witchcraft. The reporter was met at her door by a wild-eyed old woman who opened the door half way and blocked the passage with her body. She was tall and slim, her hair was almost gray, her arms and hands long and bony, and taking her all in all she was the typical fortune teller.

The name of Mary Callahan acted as an open sesame, and the news gatherer was ushered into a little room with a low ceiling and with the walls papered with pictures from the illustrated newspapers and other prints, among which were Marion Elmore, Kate Claxton, "Esmeralda," "Widow O'Brien," Leon Abbett and many other celebrities. The pictures of "Widow O'Brien" and Leon Abbett were her favorites, and the reporter's attention was called especially to them.

"That man," she said, "is the one we're runnin' in to day. They say he's to be the next Guvnor."

One a table between the two little windows, through which the only light that the room afforded came in a sickly stream, was a pack of cheap, well-thumbed and dirty cards. On a rough mantelpiece over the rough little fireplace were two dozen empty tomato cans piled up evenly, with the flaming red labels all turned so as to bring the tomato picture full to the eyes of the visitor. Nearer the door was a pile of stones, one of which would weigh at least twenty-five pounds. Noticing that the reporter was curiously examining the heap, Mrs. Pittenger remarked that she had saved them, out of a great many more, to be used as evidence against the boys of the neighborhood, who had been annoying her terribly of late.

"She's a persecuted girl, that she

is," said Mrs. Pettinger, "and it's the man as was her husband and that same old 'Sacrament' Hetchel that has done it all. Hetchel comes here and winks at Mary, and a lot of beer is had, and away she goes with him, and at his old room, a bottle, a drugged bottle, a black and hellish drugged bottle is given her, and she is in his power. I know him, I know 'em all; they've ruined a good girl, and her last husband did it."

The old woman drew a paper from her pocket, which proved to be the agreement of separation. She leaned far over the table toward her visitor and whispered, "he's a brute, he's a brute."

### A VERY GENEROUS HUSBAND.

"He gave his wife away to William Pearson, the deaf and dumb man, long before this paper was signed," she added; "he told Pearson that he didn't want Mary any longer and that he could have her until he got tired of her. Pearson used to give her bread to eat when her husband wouldn't give her any, and she was, as I said, given to him."

### PERSECUTED BY THE BOYS.

"They smash the windows, break in the door and call me names," she said. "I have the names of eleven of them, from the Flaherty boy down, and all I want is one more to have the dozen completed and I'll pull the whole string up before Judge Mills, I will, so help me—!" At that moment a brick came through the window near the *News* man's head and went prancing over against the opposite wall, and a youthful voice called out, "witch! witch!" "I don't tell fortunes for money, and they can't indict me for that, can they?" said the old woman eagerly, as she reached for the cards with her long, scrawny fingers, and asked if the scribe wanted them "cut" for him. The old lady then told the reporter what was in store for him, and after laying the cards aside began a long account of the misfortunes of Mary Callahan.

"You don't mean to say that Callahan gave Mary to Pearson, do you?" asked the surprised reporter.

"That's just what I do mean," she replied. "He said the Pearson was deaf and would be free from her tongue, the brute. Then Hetchel, he is a bad man, he and the wife from Connecticut, whom he lives with. They stole two pairs of scissors from me last night, and pilfered my residence. It's a case of bribery, treachery and Judas deception. They stole her things, and I'll swear to all I've told you. It's downright murder."

"Look out for the dozen boys who will be arrested in a few days down here, and then I'll not be pestered soon again," she said as the reporter took his leave.

### CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES.

The following circulars has been sent to all Catholic Churches in New York City.

NEW YORK, November 6, 1883.  
REV. DEAR SIR:—His Eminence, the Cardinal, has kindly granted me permission to ask your Reverence to make the following announcement to your congregation.

Knowing that deaf-mutes in New York City and vicinity have very little chance of receiving religious instruction, we respectfully request relations and acquaintances of all such to inform them that religious instructions, in sign-language, are given every Sunday, at 3 o'clock, in St. Francis Xavier's College, Entrance, 32 West 16th Street.

Deaf-Mutes, both children and adults of either sex, are invited to attend.  
Yours respectfully,  
T. J. A. Freeman, S. J.

### Rev. A. W. Mann's Appointments.

- Nov. 16.—Dayton, O., 7:30 P.M.
- " 18.—Cincinnati, O., 8:00 P.M.
- " 18.—Cincinnati, O., 7:30 P.M.
- " 19.—Chillicothe, O., 7:30 P.M.
- " 20.—Columbus, O., 7:30 P.M.
- " 21.—Stamenville, O., 7:30 P.M.
- " 22.—Zanesville, O., 7:30 P.M.
- " 25.—Chicago, Ill., 2:45 P.M.
- " 26.—Grand Rapids, Mich., 7:30
- " 27.—Hastings, Mich., 7:30 P.M.
- " 29.—Cleveland, O., 10:30 A.M.
- Dec. 2.—Detroit, Mich., 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.
- Dec. 3.—Flint, Mich., 7:30 P.M.
- " 4.—Lansing, Mich., 7:30 P.M.
- " 9.—Chicago, Ill., 2:45 P.M.
- " 9.—Chicago, Ill., (probable) 7:30
- " 16.—St. Louis, Mo., 3:00 P.M.
- " 16.—St. Louis, Mo., (probable) 7:30 P.M.
- Dec. 17.—Jacksonville, Ill., 7:30 P.M.
- " 23.—Cleveland, O., 10:30 A.M.
- " 23.—Cleveland, O., 8:00 P.M.
- " 23.—Cleveland, O., 7:30 P.M.
- " 25.—Cleveland, O., 10:30 A.M.
- " 28.—Sharon, Pa., 7:30 P.M.
- " 30.—Pittsburg, Pa., 3:00 P.M.

I shall be very happy to make other appointments between the above dates, if possible. Address me at 5 Chestnut Street, Cleveland, Ohio.



# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1883.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## Prof. Bell's Lecture.

PROF. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, in a speech made at the Convention of Scientists at New Haven, Ct., on Tuesday last, after delivering a long harangue on the subject of deaf-mutes intermarrying, concluded with a recommendation that special schools for the deaf be abolished. It is interesting in this connection to note the results of the experiments made to teach deaf-mutes in ordinary schools, as given to a reporter of the Washington Star by President Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College. Professor Bell has a theory of his own, but we doubt if he is as well stocked with practical experiment in this matter as with theoretical conclusions. As for his remarks on the subject of intermarriages among deaf-mutes, probably he does not know that this subject has been a matter of most exhaustive research by teachers of the deaf for years. In a great many of our Institution Reports, tables of statistics are printed with the object in view of showing the various causes of deafness and the percentage of cases that can be traced to intermarriage of blood relations and of deaf-mutes. We believe it has for a long time been the custom of those eminent in the instruction of deaf-mutes, to advise their pupils not to marry others similarly afflicted, but this caution has been given in vain in the majority of cases, as human nature and the sympathy and congeniality of companionship which a common affliction and a common language inspire, have proven too strong to yield to the dictates of wisdom and experience.

## Harvey Prindle Peet, LL.D.

MONDAY, the 19th day of November, is the anniversary of the birth of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet, known far and near as the "Father of the New York Institution." A movement has been progressing for some time to place a memorial bust in the halls or on the grounds of the Institution, to commemorate his life and works in behalf of the deaf and dumb. The general routine of school is dispensed with each year when November 19th comes round, and the pupils assemble in the chapel and are treated to anecdotes and remarks touching upon the life of him to whom over ten school generations of pupils owe the light of knowledge. Those who were instructed by him in years gone by, are conspicuous upon the platform on such occasions. The present anniversary will be of more than usual interest, as it is expected that the memorial committee will render a report. It is a little over ten years since the venerable emeritus Principal of Fanwood passed to rest, but there is scarcely one of the present pupils who do not know of him and honor and revere his name.

## The Gallaudet Memorial.

We are informed by the chairman of the committee having in charge the matter of the Gallaudet Statue, that next week he will make a public announcement and give some definite information concerning the plan for securing subscriptions. It is understood that the deaf-mute societies and the deaf-mute institutions throughout the country will be invited to assist in the work.

## To Subscribers.

Those of our subscribers whose terms will expire at the beginning of the coming year, will enable us to avoid a great deal of extra labor during the holiday season, by renewing their subscriptions now. Also, we hope each of our old subscribers will endeavor to send at least one new subscriber for the coming year. We expect an unprecedented boom for 1884.

# ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

Rev. Job Turner was the guest of Mr. A. W. Allen, while in Williamstown, Ct.

The Mutes of Cleveland have another social in the Guild Room of Trinity Church, on Thursday evening, November 15th.

Wm H. Green, of Worcester, Mass., feels happy that Hon. Geo. D. Robinson is elected Governor.

Mr. Jacob Bosson, wants to know if Mr. Stowell is in the New York school. He would like to hear from him.

Hon. A. S. Sargent, Minister to Germany, has an article in the *Oberland*, Monthly entitled "The Mute Councillor."

Miss Hush, recently from Canada, is working in the Corset Factory in Worcester, Mass., and it is said that she is an intelligent girl.

Jno. Albert Furney, of Ridgefield, Ill., was on a flying visit to the Chicago Exposition. He spent seven days with his relatives and brothers.

Mrs. Henry C. Niemann, of Allegheny City, Pa., made her husband happy November 9th 1883, by the presentation of a sweet girl baby.

Mr. C. D. Newton denies that he played baseball with the Buffalo and Philadelphia clubs. He says that he never played with one of the leagues.

Rev. Mr. Mann attended a reception tendered by the Churches and citizens of Indianapolis to Bishop Knickerbocker, at the Dennison Hotel, Indianapolis.

Mr. George T. Dougherty, of St. Louis, Mo., has an article on the "Desilverization of Refined Lead," in the *New York Engineering and Mining Journal*, of November 3d.

Mr. Almos Smith writes that he laments the loss of his true and tried friend, George Kent. He also inquires how Mr. Green, of Worcester, Mass., takes the Butler defeat.

Mr. B. Field, of Racine, Wis., is employed by the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Co. Mr. Case is owner of the famous trotter Jay Eye See, that recently beat St. Julien, the "King of the Turf."

Miss Jennie Patten, of St. Louis, is staying with Mrs. Flora Noble, nee Hannah, of Winchester, Mo., this winter. Mrs. Flora Noble has a six months old boy, weighing eighteen pounds.

Mr. Almos Smith, of New Boston, N. H., has added to his live stock two twin heifer calves. They are of the dark red Devon Stock. He wants to know if any deaf-mute in the United States can exhibit any thing like the above.

Miss Lily Fisher, of Paris, Ill., is in Chicago, visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Buchanan, where she will remain for a few days. Mr. Buchanan's classmate at the Illinois Institution, and they had not seen each other for thirteen years.

Charles Duesinberre, of Honesdale, Pa., was in New York a week ago. He is a glass maker, and has worked for two years at White Mills, Pa., six miles from Honesdale. He was the guest of his classmate, Sol. Cornelius, while in New York.

Mr. Alex. L. Pash, who is connected with the Pash Bros. studio at this place, is a semi-mute, having lost his hearing two years ago. He is one of the staff of correspondents of the New York DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.—*Eastern Daily Express*.

Master W. H. Rose is to be congratulated upon his brilliant victory over Mr. A. Capelli, the would be champion runner, in a hundred yards dash, as Mr. A. Capelli considered himself as the best short distance runner at the C. Y. L. games last August. Will Mr. Rose try D. Sullivan in a five-mile race this month.

On Tuesday forenoon, the 8th inst., on his way to Portland, Maine, Rev. Job Turner got off at Middletown, Conn., a charming town, to make a friendly call on Mr. and Mrs. John W. Pratt, both mutes. He had a pleasant talk with the lady. Unfortunately Mr. Pratt was absent on business.

John M. Landig died at the residence of Milton Gardner, Third ward, Wednesday afternoon, aged 33 years. The deceased was a mute and was well and favorably known in this city and county. Funeral took place Friday morning at ten o'clock, from the Greenwood church, and was conducted by Rev. J. H. Simons.—*Lime City (Ind.) News*, Nov. 3.

Last Thursday night, the 8th inst., Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York City, lectured about his travels in Europe before the Clero Literary Association. About one hundred and fifty mutes attended. The lecture was a good one, and the audience seemed to be pleased with it. Mr. Houston offered a vote of thanks. Among the audience were Rev. Mr. Syle and wife, two teachers, Miss Knabe and Mrs. Coulter, of the Philadelphia School, some from New York, Germantown, Manayunk, Frankford, Pa., Wilmington, Delaware, and Camden, N. J. Miss Blanche Cooley, of West Philadelphia, her mother, aunt, of New York City, and granddaughter, of this city were also present.

## THE GUILD.

"The Apron and Neck Tie Festival of the Guild Silent of Workers," is postponed, for good reasons, until further notice.

## Divorced From Her Deaf-mute Lord.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 8.—In the case of Abell vs. Abell, a divorce *vinculo* has been granted by Judge Wetmore at Fredericton. This plaintiff retains her dower. Infidelity was the charge against the husband, who is a deaf-mute at the head of one of the deaf and dumb schools here. The wife is a good-looking young woman, in possession of her speech and hearing.

## A Lie Nailed.

Philip Englehardt, the well-known deaf-mute of this city, who was recently grossly slandered by an Appleton paper called the *Racy Aurora*, which charged him with having alienated the affections of a deaf-mute couple, has fortified himself with three affidavits; one from the proprietor of the paper which printed the story, acknowledging the untruthfulness of the libelous article and paying a tribute to Mr. Englehardt's character; another from Mrs. Lizzie Wiseman, whose wife's affections were said to have been alienated by Englehardt, stamping the story as a falsehood and stating that she had neither written nor verbal communication with Mr. Englehardt; and the third from Michael Kiplinger, father of Mrs. Wiseman, corroborating his daughter's statements. These affidavits were hardly necessary, as Mr. Englehardt's character is known to be beyond question.—*The Evening Wisconsin*, Oct. 9.

W. L. Waters has joined the Typographical Union No. 6.

Miss Anna B. Huff and her sister Lilly, of Berlinville, O., gathered 24½ bushels of chestnuts, which will fetch \$97.50. Their father gave them a grove of chestnut trees.

If so anxious for the dissolution of the "Gossip Club," the writer would suggest that the officers, "Eola," alias G. L. Reynolds, John Wilkinson and other distinguished gossip, set the example, and we doubt not but that this will have the desired effect of dissolution of the club.

Messrs. Green, Cutter, Knight, and Henry M. Howe, voted for Hon. Geo. D. Robinson for Governor, and Messrs. Geo. L. Miller and Geo. Burrough, for Benj. F. Butler, and Messrs. D. R. Howe and S. F. Wheeler, don't know whether they did or not vote for either. Geo. L. Miller held \$40 on Gov. B. F. Butler.

Mr. George Sawyer, the son of United States Senator Sawyer, has been busy making preparations for the coming pantomime entertainment, which will take place at the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, 18 Essex St., on the evening of Nov. 28th. The pantomime will, without doubt, be comical and laughable, as he had much experience in theatrical entertainments at the National Deaf-Mute College during his Scholarship. Admission, only 15 cents.

It is about two years since Mr. D. Sullivan challenged Mr. Friabee to run him in a four hour race. His challenge was promptly accepted by Mr. Friabee, but D. Sullivan backed out. In the last issue of the *JOURNAL*, there was an item, in regard to Mr. D. Sullivan's challenge to Mr. Friabee. Suppose his challenge would be accepted, will Mr. D. Sullivan make another poor excuse and back out again as he did two years ago. Mr. Sullivan is a pupil in the New York Institution now, he ought to abandon the idea of becoming a sporting student. There is a saying that "knowledge is power."—*Cor.*

## Sinfulness of Southern Boys.

The Superintendent of the Mississippi Deaf-Mute Asylum is having a mint of trouble with the boys in his charge. They steal pencils by the wholesale, enter the school-room after hours and create confusion, punch the chickens in the coop to death, turn some of them as they leave the city at night. He is going to publish a list of these "bad boys" in a local paper so parents can see the conduct of their children and assist in the work of reformation.—*N. Y. Morning Journal*.

## PHILADELPHIA.

The competitive Debate between the Clero Literary Association and the Chirological Debating Society will not be given Thursday, November 22d, as it will be postponed until some one Thursday in January, because Prof. John P. Walker will lecture before the C. L. A. Thursday evening, November 22d. Don't forget the C. L. A. Debating Entertainment, at the Y. M. C. A., Wednesday, November 28th, and also the Pastoral Aid Society's Apron and Neck-tie Festival at St. Stephen's Building, Thursday evening, November 28th.

## PRAYING ON THEIR FINGERS.

SUNDAY CLASSES FOR DEAF-MUTES AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

In recent years ministers of many denominations have been engaged in endeavoring to reach a practical solution of the difficulty of imparting religious instruction and consolation to deaf-mutes. Under authority from the Cardinal Archbishop of this city yesterday morning that Rev. T. A. Freeman, S. J., would give religious instructions in the sign-language every Sunday afternoon in the hall of St. Francis Xavier's College, West 15th St. A *Star* reporter called at the college at the hour appointed, and found Father Freeman busy with a large class of those ever-silent people, who hear nothing of what is going on in the busy world about them, and can only learn of its advancement and improvement by their eyes.

"There is much to make me thankful in what has been already done," said Father Freeman, "At present my pupils are mostly adults, but children will soon come in large numbers, from what I can learn, and then we shall start a Sunday School. As we stand now, no attempt will be made to hold religious services; that will come later. But we study the Catechism together, and read each Sunday an inestimable benefit; and I hope soon to be able to preach to these precious spirits in the prison of silence."

An observation of the assemblage showed that the ladies were particularly apt in catching the religious idea which the teacher sought to convey, and that they were impatient to explain to the men the thought they had imbibed. It was sad to notice the intense interest with which every one present studied the faces and watched the fingers of their companions, and if a late poet is correct in his observation that the face is the window of the soul, there was much in the shining countenances and expressive eyes of this silent class, whom no noise could disturb, to prove that they were but little acquainted with the guile and wickedness that surrounds them on every side in this city. The work of Father Freeman is a very meritorious one, and it can be judged from the earnestness with which he instructs his people, that he will be the means of accomplishing much good.—*N. Y. Star*.

## The Gallaudet Memorial.

Mr. W. H. Weeks, Treasurer of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, wishes to announce that he is ready to receive subscriptions, and those who desire to contribute are invited to send the money to his address, 22 Atwood Street, Hartford, Ct.

## WANTED.

A deaf-mute woman or strong girl to do general housework. Address: Mrs. C. W. VAN TARBELL, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

From Rev. Job Turner.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Nov. 7 '83. MY DEAR MR. HODGSON.—Last night, I held a service for deaf-mutes in Christ Church, there being nine silent persons present, and several others missing, among whom were a Chinese man and a German one. The names of the mutes present were Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Beers, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Marshall, Messrs. Martin, Fahey, Munger, and Mr. and Mrs. Ford, of West Stratford. After service I made a pastoral call on Miss Clarissa Johnson, confined to her room with rheumatism.

Yours Sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

Services for Deaf-Mutes, Sunday, November 18, 1883.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.; Trinity Church, Sagerities, N. Y., 3 P.M.; St. Ann's Church, New York City, 2:45 P.M.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1883.

The Eleventh Anniversary of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," in Grace Church, corner of Broadway and 10th Street, New York City, at 4 P.M. The 2:45 P.M. service at St. Ann's will be omitted that day.

THANKSGIVING DAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1883.

The services in St. Ann's Church, New York City, at 7 A.M. and 10:30 A.M., will be interpreted for deaf-mutes.

## KENDALL GREEN.

A BRIEF GLIMPSE INTO THE SCHOOL ROOMS OF THE COLUMBIA INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB—TEACHING THE DEAF TO HEAR WITHOUT EARS—THE DIFFICULTIES OF LEARNING TO SPEAK—SPEECH MADE VISIBLE TO THE EYE—AN INTERESTING TALK WITH DR. GALLAUDET ON SOME PHASES OF DEAF MUTE EDUCATION.

(Washington Star, Nov. 7.)

One of the points of interest about this city, which always proves attractive to visitors, is Kendall Green. It is a charming picture of suburban beauty, where art and nature have united their gifts, and the result is a harmonious whole, at once pleasing to the eye and grateful to the cultivated taste. The buildings which have been erected for the students of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, located there, are grouped together in an irregular but picturesque mass of brick and stone, with here and there a graceful tower rising above the peaked roofs and the walls, which are dashed with the rich coloring of the clustering leaves of clinging vines. On all sides the wide sweep of velvety lawn rises and falls in gentle undulations, its soft beauty accentuated by the clumps of shrubbery and the scattered about. This is the picture, and the frame-work are the hills which gently ascend, their broad bosoms and winding top aglow with the October tints that seem to fairly run riot in the splendor and variety of the coloring. The sun, as it glances across the lawn and through the bright-hued leaves of the departing year, falls upon the glistening towers and turrets of the buildings, and from the metallic points here and there, sends forth gleams of light as if in response to the gorgeous spectacle that revels on the autumnal hills.

"What a lovely scene!" at last exclaimed a member of a party of visitors who had been gazing about in silent admiration. The tone of the speaker was subdued, as if afraid that a loud word would break the charm of the picture. It was a lovely spectacle, and the *Star* man who had accompanied some friends on a visit to the institution wondered if Kendall Green had ever looked that way before.

## A SINGULAR SCHOOL ROOM.

The visitors, however, soon became conscious that time was passing away, and, turning their backs upon the picture, entered the buildings. After looking about on various things of interest connected with the education of the deaf-mutes the visitors paused in one of the school rooms, where instruction was being given in articulate speech. It was a strange school room, and the method of instruction was equally novel. There were, perhaps, a dozen scholars in the room at different times, representing ages from seven to sixteen, and these were taught separately or together just as advanced in knowledge permitted. About the room were hung charts, on which were drawn phonetic characters representing the sounds of letters, or rather as sound is an unknown factor to these little unfortunates, it would be more correct to say that they represent the position of the mouth when the letter was uttered.

A little girl was called before one of these charts, and the teacher, a lady, pointed to one of the characters, at the same time making the sound with her lips. The little one, imitating the represented sound with her lips, repeated it correctly, then another and so with several of the vowels and consonants; but presently she makes a mistake and fails to make the sound correctly. What does the teacher do? She repeats it, but the child fails again, and then taking the child's hand she places it on her own throat, and at once the pupil corrects the error and makes the right sound.

"Why do you place her hand on your throat?" asked the *Star* man, with some curiosity.

"To make her understand what muscles in my throat are used in making that sound," was the prompt reply, "and in this way the child learns to make the correct sound by

knowing what part of the throat is used."

## TALKING BY THE EYE.

A more advanced scholar was called up, and sentences in the phonetic characters were read off. These sentences were written by the teacher upon the blackboard, and were suggested by the presence of the visitors. In the same way the teacher addressed questions to the scholars, and, catching their lips, they replied with more or less readiness.

Dr. Gallaudet, the president of the college, who had come in, was able to converse quite freely with the pupils by means of visible speech.

One big boy, who said he was fifteen years old, understood very readily the movements of the lips and conversed quite freely. He asked the *Star* man if he had heard his address to the President of the United States on a public occasion at the college recently; and while the visitor was obliged to say that he had not, he could not but admire the facility with which he used his voice. Yet the teacher said that when this boy began four years ago to acquire speech he used to sit in front of the chart containing the phonetic characters with the tears running down his face, a perfect picture of despair at his inability to make the sounds.

Some of the children's voices were remarkably well modulated and sweet, while others had the artificial harshness noticeable sometimes in partially deaf persons. One little boy, who had just begun to learn to speak, repeated from the board some simple words, such as cat, dog, &c., written in English.

"How do these children learn the English alphabet?" inquired the *Star* man.

"They are taught that in another room," replied Dr. Gallaudet, and, going across she hall, he opened a door into a room, where there were a number of children seated at desks.

"We teach the children English words the first thing. For instance, here is a little boy who just came to the institution this morning. See what he is doing."

## THE METHOD OF LEARNING ENGLISH.

The visitor looked in the slate that was lying in front of the little fellow, and saw the word *ax* written many times.

"How does he know what that means?" inquired the visitor.

In reply the teacher pointed to the word as written on the board and made signs to the boy to tell her what it meant. The little fellow, with a broad grin, fished out a toy ax from a box of playthings, and brandished it in the air in a triumphant manner.

"After the scholars have acquired some facility in their studies, the articulation training comes in, and they are taught visible speech," observed Dr. Gallaudet, as he led the way from the room.

"You see, the system employed in this institution embrace both the sign and the articulate system. Instead of confining ourselves to one, we use what is good in both. This is necessary in order to adapt education to the wide difference in ability and quickness which is found in a school of this sort, where the children are not picked."

## THE LIMITATIONS OF VISIBLE SPEECH.

"Is the system of visible speech a practical success with deaf-mutes generally?" asked the visitor.

"Learned and laborious instructors of the deaf," was the earnest response, "both in Europe and America, with ample knowledge of the mechanism of speech and of methods well adapted to teach the deaf to articulate and read from the lips, and who have taught thousands of persons to do this with eminent success, have failed to succeed in a large number of cases. No one who is charged with the duty of conducting the education of a hundred deaf-mutes, as they might be found in any community, will need to be told that with the most patient and intelligent instruction a large proportion of the deaf can never succeed in learning to speak and to read from the lips of others."

"Those whose experience has taught them this," continued the doctor, "have little difficulty in finding an explanation for this disappointing result. The real obstacles in the way of teaching articulation to deaf children are to be found in them, not in us, their teachers. For every experienced teacher of articulation knows that very great differences of mental capacity, visual quickness and imitative power appears among deaf children; and when a serious deficiency in either of these elements exists, successful training in speech and lip reading is impossible. You could see this, I have no doubt, in the school-room to-day. Some of these children are brighter and quicker in their perceptions, and what words they fail to catch from your lips they could readily make up from the context. Others have greater powers of imitation, and they can compel the muscles of their throat to a more ready obedience. The success attained in visible speech depends, as I have said before, largely on the child."

## THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

"You use the gesture language also in the college, do you not?" inquired the listener.

"Yes, we use it," was the reply, "but it is not taught. We must get into communication with the child, and before it has a language it has thoughts, and these thoughts are expressed in gesture. For a deaf child to express his desires, his emotions, his thoughts in signs, is as natural as for a normal child to express the same in speech. And the language of signs, so called, far from being artificial is in fact the only natural lan-

guage in existence. And besides being natural, it is to a certain extent universal; for I have seen it serve as a means of conversation between persons as widely separated in race and nationality as the Indians, the Chinese, the Hindoos, and the English, French, German, Italian; and Scandinavian families of the Caucasian race. And this when the persons conversing had no common spoken language whatever.

"I remember," said the doctor reflectively, "that when I was traveling in Norway and other countries, that in my communication with the natives I found that while I did not understand their language, nor they mine, they readily comprehended signs, and I talked very freely with them. How valuable the language of signs is in the education of the deaf, those who have mastered it and use it are very well aware. Moritz Hill, of Weissenfels, in Germany, an eminent and successful oral teacher, says in one of his works 'To banish the language of natural signs from the school room and limit ourselves to articulation is like employing a gold key which does not fit the lock of the door we would open, and refusing to use the iron one made for it. At the best it would be drilling the deaf mute, but not molding him intellectually or morally.'"

## CO-EDUCATION A FAILURE.

"Your students seem to know how to have fun," observed the reporter, as he glanced at a troop of them that dashed over the lawn.

"Yes," replied the doctor, with a smile, "they are like all children, and when they get together have their jokes and games. Association with hearing children often has, however, a very depressing and disheartening effect upon them, by making them conscious many times a day that they are defective and at a constant disadvantage when compared with their more favored companions. The experiment of educating deaf and hearing children together was attempted early in the present century in England, but in each instance it proved an utter failure and was soon relinquished. Similar efforts have been made in Germany and France, but in no instance have the results been satisfactory. Even in our own country the experiment has been tried in recent years, but the result was not encouraging."

The *Star* man, very much interested in this brief but fragmentary glimpse into the methods employed in the instruction of the deaf-mutes, was obliged at this point to break off the conversation in order to join his friends, who had gone on ahead.

## Quaker City Jottings.

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL.—Another of those informal, yet very enjoyable entertainments on All Hallows Eve, for which our Institution is famous, has just been given by our young ladies, and an account of which may prove interesting to the many lovers of the *JOURNAL*. Preparations for the grand event were on the tapis several days before the 31st, and the little ones were all anticipation. On the 30th, quite a number of invitations were issued to teachers and friends of the Institution as well as to a number of former pupils. The long-looked-for, long-talked-of day arrived, and in the evening, to our surprise and delight, we were informed that we would be excused from study hour as well as from chapel, as our kind housekeeper intended to distribute refreshments at that hour. After the distribution, those who were to participate in the Masquerade repaired to the dressing room from which they emerged at length arrayed in costumes ancient, modern, comical or historical as their individual taste dictated. There was a love of a bride robed in pure white, a charming little princess who captivated the audience by her soft and tender glances, a magnificent Dona who represented Patti to perfection, the one thing lacking being her musical voice. There was a lovely dark-eyed Indian who acted the character of Pocahontas to perfection, an aged lady in an immense cap who represented the ancient grandame admirably and amused all; a black robed nun whose gentle angelic face won the love of all, and a ragged beggar whose long and face claimed the mock sympathy of the entire audience. During the evening new arrivals came every few moments, adding to the fun by their comical costumes and gestures. Among the most distinguished were "the travelled travellers" accompanied by a fine Mulatto woman, evident their servant and body guard on their journey from some far Oriental Country; a handsome dressed Turk and a dashing young dude. "The travellers" created a great sensation, and it was long before we were able to recognize in the tallest and most elegantly dressed, our literary friend, "Bella L." and in the dark brunette "Pearl," the graceful dancer of Levee fame. The evening proved one of great enjoyment, much of the entertainment being due to the kindness of Mrs. Snider and Misses Barry and Peters, who rendered assistance in procuring dresses and getting up characters for the occasion.

## IT IS HINTED—

That Miss Maggie D.—acted as the role of a Native African to perfection.

That Miss Bernard represented "Moly" from the "Old Dominion" beautifully.

That sweet "Bella L." looked charming in her ancient travelling costume.

That Miss Nicholas, though veiled, did not fail to win admiration.

That "Violet" did the grandmother

well, and looked at least three score and ten.

That "Little Rep" pleased the ladies by his presence and courtly gallantry.

That "Hieronymus" looked "blue," and seemed to be either courting the muses or lost in "love's sweet dream."

That the four young ladies who attended the nut party on Tuesday night were "too sweet for anything."

That Miss McDermott created a sensation as a Broadway swell, and did New York credit.

VIOLET.

## DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

## CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 40 West 16th Street. First meeting of the month for business only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue.

## CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Farwell Hall Building, 148 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock, P.M., and also holds Sabbath meetings at the same place on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at three o'clock P.M. Lars M. Larson, P. O. address is Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

## CHIROLOGICAL DEBATING SOCIETY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Chirological Debating Society (formerly "Lyceum"), under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, meets every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock P.M., in the Board of Managers' parlor (fourth floor) of the Y. M. C. A. building, 15th and Chestnut Streets. The object of this Lyceum is to furnish its members with the parliamentary rules of order for practice in debate, oratory, etc., and to create, promote and cherish kindly feelings among its members. Every deaf-mute is cordially and warmly welcome (free of charge). Mr. William H. Lipsett is President, and Mr. Robert N. Stevenson, Secretary. The Secretary's address is 2013 Cameo Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Jesse K. Th. Hoagland, President, and Wm. Blount, Secretary. P. O. address is 293 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

## CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clero Literary Association, a branch of All Sons' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. and Chestnut St.



## COLUMBUS.

### The "C" Floor Reunion.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The students' first social at this Institution under the new order of things, was held on Tuesday evening, November 6th, as per announcement, in the Girls' Play Hall, and compared with such socials given in previous years, that of last week was a brilliant success. At a quarter past seven the boys of the "C" Floor took up their line of march, winding through the long halls, and then down stairs into the very spacious room, where the girls were in waiting readiness to receive the evening greetings of their friends. This over, the young people were very soon adjusting themselves readily to all the forms of amusement, and although only those of the "C" Floor were expected, the entire corps of the teachers were in the arena very much engaged here and there, in contributing to or promoting the various entertainments. Nothing took place to mar the pleasure of the evening or disappoint the anticipations of those who were deeply concerned in its complete success. The statement should not be omitted that the entire mute population of the city were present on the occasion, by invitations sent out by the Superintendent. The hours that sped on called none too early for a halt, which was a signal for the forming of pairs to proceed to the generous spread of good eatables on the white-covered tables in the dining-room, which was brilliantly lighted, and where two hundred and twenty-eight guests sat down, and after grace was rendered by Supt. Pratt, did ample justice to the tempting repast. By the hour of ten the house had regained its wonted quiet, and the painstaking officers then retired to their realms of rest, well paid with the conviction that "everything is well that ends well."

The health of the Institution keeps very good, alike among the pupils, the teachers and officers—a great blessing indeed, for which we should be thankful.

Order and quiet are two essential things in an institution like ours. The former lightens the burdens of household duties and the latter facilitates the rapid progress of schoolwork. Superintendent Pratt is the right man in the right place.

The teachers of the "A" school floor attended their meeting in the library-room, Monday evening last week, with beneficial results.

The "B" floor corps had their turn on same evening of this week. The "C" floor will take their turn next Monday. The week next there will be a general attendance to hear the various reports, and get at an analysis of the workings of the different school floors.

The increase in the receipts of the reduced letter postage in our city post office for the month of October as compared with the corresponding month of last year, has just been recorded to the amount of twelve dollars and forty cents.

The male teachers of this Institution were asked to meet in the library at half past nine o'clock, last Friday morning. Supt. Pratt then made some suggestive remarks in regard to the chapel work on Sunday and week days. It was unanimously agreed to give the new plan a trial by which it is thought will be the means of concentrating more scriptural light upon the dear children gathered and committed to our charge.

The subject of a military display and ball on the occasion of the inauguration of the new Governor elect in Columbus next January, is being discussed.

Mr. Chas. W. Ely, Superintendent of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, arrived here last week. His numerous friends were glad of an opportunity to look at his photographs of the cabinet size. It was a perfect picture life-like, but wore a look as though burdened with state cares.

The *Morning Journal* of last Saturday, has the following under its notice of "General services by the Young Men's Christian Association and Churches to-morrow":—"Sunday, 4:15 P.M., at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, Mr. A. Pratt, ex-president of the Young Men Christian Association, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, will deliver a short address on "Luther's Life and Work."

The arrival of two new pupils, aged respectively twenty-one and nineteen, was what started quiet a commotion among our boys on Friday last. They came from Brown County, O.

Mrs. Hanson, of Oberlin, Ohio, who by the way was a teacher in a southern institution before the war, delayed her departure for home one day, last week, for the sake of accepting Supt. Pratt's invitation to attend the pupils' social.

Mr. William Shoemaker, of New Vienna, and Miss Sarah Lance, of New Corwin, Ohio, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, recently.

Mr. Charles O. Geer loomed up at this Institution on a short visit last Friday. His business sign down in London, O., still swings in the wind, though his cigar and shoe store is shut up for a few days during his absence.

Mrs. Lynn, of Oak Street, has returned home after a protracted absence on a health expedition into the country with her little boy. She spent one week in Clayville, and two in Cumberland, O. Mother and son looked fresh and handsome.

Miss Mary R. Rose, teacher, has been compelled to temporarily relinquish her duties in the schoolroom by reason of disability. Mrs. Atwood is filling the place meanwhile.

Master Hess came back to school, Friday, having been kept home at work by his parents. Two months' loss of schooling do not give him an easy task to catch up in a bright class.

The graduates of the Ohio Institution have whiled away many an hour at Goodale Park in this city. A bronze bust of the late Dr. Goodale, costing five thousand dollars, is to be placed in position at the entrance to the Park.

Mrs. Mary Willing, of the Book-binders of this Institution, went to Zanesville O., recently, to be with her young children for a few days.

Mr. Kirbee, of Bristolville, O., put up at the United States Hotel during his recent visit in this city. He called at the Institution several times before his final taking-leave.

We experienced some difficulty in keeping on our hat last Friday, for the wind was reaching a velocity of thirty-six miles an hour.

Mr. Charles A. McKeever left on Tuesday, Nov. 13th, for Sandusky, O. He expects to take in Cleveland before he will go to Perry County, O., his native place, where he will spend the winter, returning to Columbus in the spring unless he receives better inducements elsewhere.

By invitation, Supt. Pratt, wife and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield and Mrs. Rose took tea with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener at their residence on East Main Street last Saturday. A very pleasant time was reported.

Mr. Edward Dundan's membership is spreading. He is a member of the Columbus Base Ball Club, a member of the bookbindery at this school, and member of the Clionia Society of the Institution.

May be that Miss Kate Miller will stay here with her friends until after Happy New Year. Kate is having splendid times. She has attended the teachers social, and that of the C floor pupils, at both of which she partook largely of the enjoyment.

NUMBER SIXTY-ONE.

### Dedicated to "Recorder."

BY HIERONYMUS.

Thou thine insect! whom a "club" maintains, That counts your heartbeats only by your stains, Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day! A quilled wing shall brush you all away! All your claw scratches, all your bugle sting! All that makes scintilla of mutes and gods of things! Ah, but worst, drops dead-born from the press, In your last laud buzz, or your last address. [Paraphrased.]

We beg pardon of the "gentle reader" in calling his or her kind attention to this reply in deigning to notice "Recorder" for once, and we hope, for the last time; and, as an excuse, we must say it is not the result of our being solely "remembered" in his late letter in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. For years we have had reasons to discountenance any attempts of his, or those of his friends, at his own request, to admit him to any degree of social intercourse with us. If these reasons, some of which may be elicited from what we are going to say, are just, shall we be blamed for trying to expose "Recorder" in a small degree when it is in our power to do so in a greater one? This young man, ambitious for official honors, it appears, in deaf-mute societies, has had neither the intellectual nor the educational advantages to fit him for any high position; and yet a certain class of deaf-mutes (some of whom are good enough friends for us) have been unable to measure what little intrinsic worth he has, and so have mistaken him for a young god. We have always regarded him as the unheaven block than anything like an idol, still less a man—"Hew up the block and get out the man!"—a bit of untrimmed nature, that needs more fashioning to bring out true merit and beauty worthy of appreciation.

"Recorder's" late letter in the JOURNAL shows his spite: always baffled in obtaining any influence over Hieronymus, and disappointed, it appears, in receiving scarcely any notice from him, he ventures to harass Hieronymus with impunity. Because Hieronymus happens to be deaf, and to live in an institution where there are hundreds of deaf-mutes, and necessarily gives them more attention than Recorder's "little senate" or the other house of the school; because Hieronymus has always carefully, as above stated, excluded him and some of his associates from his (H's) company, "Recorder" jumps to the absurd conclusion that the appointment of Hieronymus, in behalf of the State of Pennsylvania to the Executive Committee of the National Deaf-Mute Association, "gives no satisfaction to our intelligent leading mutes." He also says that "those who attended the convention (from Philadelphia) said that Mr. Cullingworth, one of the most influential leaders of the circle, should be appointed on the Executive Committee instead of Hieronymus, because Mr. Cullingworth has more experience about such work."

As one of his arguments, "Recorder" even ventures to intimate that Hieronymus does not display greater spirit of deaf-mute clannishness. Finally, he asks, "Why does he not get the deaf-mute organizations to discuss how to make a subscription

for the memorial of Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet," etc.

As to the "appointment of Hieronymus," and the consequent dissatisfaction, if there is any, it is very probable that "Recorder," like his "little senate" and a few others of his class, is like the "dab-chick,"—

"Wide as a windmill, all his figure spread;" for he and they must be spread all over Pennsylvania; else Pennsylvania is in Philadelphia, which is absurd, and so is the dissatisfaction.

As to the wise decision of those who attended the convention from Philadelphia, "Recorder" didn't say whether they were members of the National Deaf-Mute Association; but granting that they were, why didn't they make their wishes known in time? It was a case of silence implying assent. Why didn't "our intelligent leading mutes" of Pennsylvania—who it seems were very scarce at the late national convention—why, we repeat, didn't they attend the convention themselves, and see that somebody more satisfactory to "Recorder" than Hieronymus, was appointed to the Executive Committee? Were both "Recorder" and his intimate friend, W. R. Cullingworth absent? Wherefore this grumbling? As to Mr. Cullingworth's influence and experience being greater than that of "Hieronymus," the former's influence must be local and confined to Philadelphia, that if Mr. Cullingworth does exert any influence at all. But granting thus much, will "Recorder" explain how it was that the temporary organization for raising a contribution to the late fund for the Garfield Memorial Bust, of which "Hieronymus" was a very conspicuous officer and worker, will "Recorder" explain, we ask again, how it was that Hieronymus and his deaf friends with whom he still doesn't disdain to associate, raised nearly three times as much money as Messrs. W. R. Cullingworth, "Recorder" and Company?

As to the spirit of clannishness among deaf-mutes, we have no argument to offer. Clannishness is all argument, itself, against itself in a nutshell. As we have not yet heard of any of the National Executive Committee acting on the matter of the proposed Gallaudet Memorial fund, it is very clear that there is plenty of time ahead; or else the Executive Committee, individually, know a great deal better how to act than "Recorder."

By the election of Mr. Hodgson as President of the National Deaf-Mute Association, was it not supposed that he was fully competent, and much more so than "Recorder," to know and to act accordingly for the best of the National Deaf-Mute Association?

In one respect, the members of the National Executive Committee are like stars whose lustre have shone out, in most cases, with equal, or greater brightness than the other members of the constellations of deaf-mutes, scattered broadcast over seventeen principal states of the Union. And as to Mr. Hodgson, in his capacity as editor of the JOURNAL, can not it be said, as far as "Recorder's" little judgment and dim understanding extend, that Mr. Hodgson has a better, intellectual, telescopic and microscopic eye-piece than "Recorder" can ever hope to possess? With which he ascertained, in this capacity, the ability and influence possessed by the individual members of the National Deaf-Mute Executive Committee.

"Recorder" is described, without any exaggeration, as a young man of small stature, who adorns his face with a dark red moustache over an occasional, hypocritical grin; a young man scarcely out of his teens, who frequently, with a quick, undignified gait;—brushes down his hair to hide his forehead, and crowns his little oranium with a tremendous stove-pipe, of the "Fifth Avenue" style, which is far above harmony with "the cut" and "the cloth" of his long sack coat with a split tail; who sports a cane, and a standing collar with pointed, projecting ends like those of his shoes, and which helps a faded multi-diamond pin of glass set in a very loud scarlet cravat, to complete his neck gear; a black velvet vest, indicative of his soft and slimy ways, and which like his coat is a world too large, all make up a medley of styles and tastes that would both frighten a dude out of his wits and provoke a smile from the grimmest stoic.

But who is "Recorder," this gilded bug, and really very insignificant bird, that flaps its wings—

"As when a dab-chick waddles through the coope On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops?"

Again, who is this individual, who wields a certain kind of influence with the members of the "Chirological Debating Society," of Philadelphia; who dares, like a culture's bill, to peck at every imaginary flaw, he sees in "Hieronymus"; who sends disgusting letters to the young lady pupils of the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institution, and thereby provokes their contempt, as the writer has been personally told by the ladies themselves; whose stock of language and judgment is of such a quality and quantity that the editor of the JOURNAL has to trim and polish his letters before admitting them a place in his paper. In short, who is this self-styled "Jolly Old Crow," of Chirological Lyceum fame, alias "Recorder," whose green bag is so regularly filled with gossiping, Philadelphia "luncheon" Well, for pity's sake, we have said enough and forebear to present to mention his name, but subscribe our own.

JEROME T. ELWELL, Alias "Hieronymus."

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

### Foot-Ball.

#### THE GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

##### RANDOM NOTES.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Foot ball engaged the attention of the students more than anything else last week. Practice games were held every afternoon, and on Thursday the Columbian eleven came over and played as a game. The game was well played, and resulted two touchdowns for the Kendalls to nothing for the Columbian. The Columbian are fine players, and make a strong team, but so far they have not been able to get the better of us.

In our last letter, we alluded to a challenge from the Howards, of Alexandria, which, as it named an inconvenient day, was not accepted. It was agreed, however, to play them a match game on Saturday, and accordingly the Kendalls, accompanied by a fair delegation of lovers of the sport, went over to the old Virginia town. Notwithstanding the aspect of the weather. The game began at 3 P. M., the Howards winning the toss, and taking the west goal, leaving the Kendalls the east goal facing the sun. Play opened with a kick off by Chickering, and for some time the ball went back and forth, but was all the time steadily forced into the Howards' quarters, and they were finally compelled to make two touchdowns for safety. A long point by Sams then brought the ball within the Kendalls' ground, and they in their turn made two safety touchdowns, though neither of them was forced. Time was then called and the first inning thus left the clubs even, though the Kendalls had been forcing their opponents all through the inning.

The two sides then changed goals and the ball was again put in play, and after some thirty minutes' active leather hunting, the Howards scored a goal, which gave them the game. A touch in bounds had been made by the Kendalls, and Chickering had tossed the ball on a fly to Davidson. When Sams grabbed the ball before any of the Kendalls had touched it, and scudded over the field to our goal line and made a touch down. None of the Kendalls attempted to stop him, knowing him to be off-side and out of play, but to their immense astonishment the referee declared the play fair, and the touchdown gave a goal. After this, the play became quite exciting, and two safety touchdowns were won from the Kendalls, one of them forced. Time was then called, and the game given to the Howards. There was brilliant running and hard tackling all through the game, and it was the best thus far played this season. The game was wretchedly umpired however, and nearly half the time was consumed by the Howards in wrangling with their umpire, who hardly knew anything of the game. If the umpiring had been fair, there is no question but the Kendalls would have won one or more goals to their credit.

Subjoined are the names and positions of the men on each team:

KENDALL.	POSITION.	HOWARDS.
Chickering, Back.	Halfback.	Saunders, E. E. Dillam,
Brookmire, Marsh.	Quarterback.	Sams, Castleman,
Marsh, Quarterback.	Snapshot.	C. Dillam,
Lynch, Basenback.	Forwards.	Brooks, Brown,
Haseentab, Hyde.		Despard, Kinsolving,
Hanson, Haas,		Macdall, Page.
Davidson, Kertson.		

Umpires: For the Kendalls, C. Griffin; for the Howards, R. H. Mayo; Referee, Rhodes, of the Columbian.

SCORE.		
Goals.	Safety touch downs.	Points.
HOWARDS.	1	10
KENDALLS.	4	2

On Tuesday and Saturday practice games will be played with the Columbian, and on Thursday a match game with the Georgetown eleven.

The closing singles of the tennis tournament were played on Monday afternoon, the contestants being Berry, and Slocum, Berry won 6 to 3, but in the second set, Slocum made a grand spurt beating down his opponent's score to two. Berry won the third set, however, 6 to 3. In the contest with Webb, Berry won easily, and so the championship for the singles again rests with him. The only prize given in the tournament was for the singles, and was thus awarded to Berry. It is a pewter beer mug with glass bottom. Of course the value of the article does not attach to its moneyworth, but to the honor which its possession confers on the owner.

No visitors were present at these games, though they were by far the finest played during the whole tournament, the playing between Berry and Slocum being simply superb. In fact, as far as the playing alone is concerned, it was much superior in almost every case to that of the tournament last May, and it is to be regretted that it was not equally successful in other respects. The next tournament will come off in the Spring—on Decoration Day, probably, and handsome prizes will then be awarded to both doubles and singles.

The College geological museum has lately received a number of valuable

additions from the scientific institute of A. H. Ward, in Rochester, N. Y. The collection includes fine specimens from the various geological periods from the Archean up to the Quaternary Era, and fine plaster casts, reduced in size, of the great Saurians of the reptilian period—of the iguanodon, megalosaurus, plesiosaurus, etc., and of the Silurian and Devonian fishes and mollusks—about fifty casts altogether. These will be used for purposes of illustration when the seniors study geology and mineralogy.

A fine mounted skeleton, perfect in all its parts, also arrived with the collection, and the Juniors will familiarize themselves with its structure when they study osteology. We hear they are conning their Hamlet on the sly, so as to astonish the professor with an eloquent, "Alas, poor Yorick!" when the proper moment arrives.

The Seniors are now wrestling with what Dr. Gallaudet calls the mental gymnastics of the College course—Butler's analogy. The Juniors have also taken up physiology, and are beginning to realize how fearfully and wonderfully we are made.

The Sophs had their examinations in botany and trigonometry on Thursday and Friday. We have heard of no suicide among them yet, and so presume that they all—passed. They will take up their half-term chemistry and zoology to-day.

Dr. Thomas Gallaudet remained on the Green as his brother's guest until Wednesday.

Prof. Hotchkiss has a new improved Star bicycle. Mr. Denison has ordered one for himself, and Morrow, '85, contemplates getting a Columbia. What next? Why, a Kendall Bicycle Club, of course.

A. C. Hargrave, of Massachusetts, formerly '82, is visiting here.

The elections were as usual a theme of speculation and conversation during the week.

Terpsichore has more devotees among the students, at present, than any other of the nine muses.

Mrs. Donaldson, wife of ex-Janitor Donaldson, died last week.

HARRY FIELDING. KENDALL GREEN, NOV. 12, '83.

#### Catskill News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you please be so kind as to allow us to have a small space in your worthy paper.

We were at the Centennial Celebration that took place in Newburgh, and expressed ourselves much pleased to see the fire-works. It was a brilliant success. We read by your paper that some mutes were there, yet we didn't see any, and thought we were the only mute visitors on that day.

We got a letter from one of my friends saying that Mr. Russel Smith, of Iowa, would like to have us correspond with him. We would be much pleased to do so, and hope to have time enough for letter writing before long. We are pleased to learn that he is prosperous in his trade, and hope he will be successful as long as he lives.

Mr. A. Lincoln Thomas, after visiting Newburgh, surprised us by calling on us. We were glad, indeed, to see him here again. Lincoln is at school now, and we hope he will come here on Santa Claus' Day.

Mr. H. Schanck, who recently graduated, secured the position of folder in a knitting mill. He is a good and steady man. We hope he will stick to the work. May good luck attend him. He left his boarding house and now keeps bachelor's hall in a small room. He is a good cook, and knows how to keep house.

Mr. Stephen F. Sloat, who resigned from the position of supervisor at the New York Institution, gets along very well. He looks stout and healthy.

Mr. G. W. Schutt, of Sangerties, came here last Sunday forenoon, but owing to the pressure of work, caused by his sick uncle, didn't preach before us in the Episcopal Church, but in Mrs. Thomas' house. His subject was "Christ was the vine." It was very interesting.

Thanksgiving Day is coming nearer and nearer, and turkeys are trembling now. We will relish our grand dinner. I hope all your readers will have a splendid dinner.

Mr. H. Schanck contemplates going home to-night. We hope he will have a good time.

Election is over, and we are happy that the republicans have carried the day here.

CHARLES E. COURTNEY.

#### CORRECTION.

DEAR EDITOR:—I was much surprised to see in the JOURNAL of 8th inst., that poor "X" said that Messrs. Francis Crorken, J. O'Brien, Alex. Goldfogle, Wm. Temple, P. A. Campbell, W. L. Waters, W. Ennis, James Russell, and other mute compositors thereabouts, were out on strike by order of the Typographical Union No. 6. I am compelled to let the readers of the JOURNAL know that Messrs. F. Crorken, J. E. O'Brien, Alex. Goldfogle, W. Ennis and Jas. Russell, do not belong to the Typographical Union No. 6, nor did they go out on strike for 40 cents at all. There were five mute compositors, namely, Messrs. William Temple, P. A. Campbell, W. L. Waters, Boyde and Pack, out on strike by order of the Typographical Union No. 6, and returned to their old places at the advance. They are now all members of the Typographical Union No. 6.

Respectfully, PATRICK A. CAMPBELL. NEW YORK CITY, NOV. 13, '83.

## NEW YORK.

### The Gossip Club.

#### OLD TIME UMPIRING.

##### Various Notes

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

In last week's JOURNAL appears an article headed "Abate the Nuisance," which is just hitting the nail on the head, but from the tone of the article the writer seems to be over delicate in his treatment, as it takes the form of an apology towards the close. "Eola" is correct, and like her namesake, Freddie Gebhardt's great trotter, it would be better for the writer to tell plain facts rather than to go around about and first call them a nuisance, and then say they are among the leading mutes of our vicinity. They *aint!* at least the regular daily loafers are not.

Occasionally a deaf-mute makes an appointment with another, and selects the Herald Office as the place of meeting. There is no harm in that, but those who are continually swarming over the office ought to be "squelched" they have done more harm to our class than all the nuisances hereabouts for some time past. And it was long ago concluded that the chief loungers had "not sense or self-respect enough to care about the way they carried on."

It is time to stop this, and there is away. There is the vagabond act. They are without visible means of support. Run them to that old Egyptian pile—the Tombs—on Centre Street, and the world will breathe a sigh of relief.

We often notice base-ball accounts in the JOURNAL between deaf-mutes and some other club, and, alas, nearly every time the deaf-mutes meet defeat, they set up the cry "we were cheated." This is natural. We must confess that when occasionally the famous old Hudsons of Fanwood met with defeat, and the umpire was a model of fairness. We were among the first to declare that he was leaning too much in favor of the other side. But such times are now past, and we cannot help smiling at the threats of revenge uttered against the innocent umpire, and the next time they, the two clubs, met, and the Hudsons came off with colors flying, the bye-word was, "I told you so," though, on one occasion, we distinctly remember the umpire cheated the other nine downright, but this instead of being looked on as a crime in the eyes of the deaf-mutes was applauded, while if he had dared to do the same for the other side, he would have been gently (?) clubbed over the head with a base-ball bat.

Stephen Sinclair, late of Goshen, N. Y., who has recently been discharged from St. Luke's Hospital, is now working as a compositor in Brown & Woods. Henry Valentine obtained work in the same place. He "left" after his first proof had been corrected.

Rev. M. P. Freeman has invited the members of the Catholic Literary Union and the lady members of his "congregation" to visit his museum of curiosities at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., on Thursday afternoon. The invitation has been accepted. This gentleman is to lecture shortly before the Catholic Literary Union on "Chemistry." He will have apparatus and chemicals to illustrate his remarks.

M. W. Grinnon, Treasurer of the C. L. U., is visiting Syracuse for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Sol. Cornelius is now selling tickets to the American Institute Fair at half price. Tickets can be procured of this enterprising gentleman till next Wednesday. It would be well to appoint a day when all could go in a body. On suggestion of some of the most prominent members of the Guild, the Manhattan Literary Association and the Catholic Literary Union, the evening of Saturday, the 17th inst., has been chosen, as a beautiful flower show can be seen that evening, so the papers say.

Last Wednesday evening saw the regular business meeting of the Catholic Literary Union. The Chairman of the Picnic Committee sent in his report, which was accepted, and which shows a handsome profit over all expenses, and proves, despite all reports to the contrary, that the social entertainments of the Union are acceptable, and next year, athletics, prepare for some hot work, and deaf-mutes in general, look out for a roaring, jolly time, but don't forget that there is a reception sandwiched between now and then.

Mr. W. G. Pownall offered an amendment to the Constitution and By-laws in which he proposes to incorporate the Society. This amendment, as well as several others by the same gentleman, were tabled until some other meeting, when they will come up under the head of unfinished business.

On motion of J. D. Shelton, the meeting adjourned at 10:30.

Election Day has come and gone. It beheld one of the most exciting local contests ever witnessed. In one ward, the winning alderman won by only two votes. In Brooklyn, the Majority was captured by only a majority of sixteen hundred, over 100,000 votes being cast. Some of

the papers issued extras. The *Evening Telegram* issued editions every hour from 9 A.M. till 9:30 P.M. In the evening, Printing House Square was illuminated with electric and calcium lights, for lighting up the bulletin boards displaying election returns.

It is reported that William Ennis, of Brooklyn, has been seriously ill. Dr. Gallaudet held services at St. Ann's last Sunday, and despite the rain a large number of deaf-mutes were present.

Services were held in St. Ann's Chapel, Corner Lexington and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn, last Sunday.

The services in St. Francis Xavier's last Sunday, showed an increased attendance brought about by the notice sent to all the Catholic Churches a few days previously.

Deaf-Mutes should not fail to attend Mr. Fox's lecture before the Catholic Literary Union, on the 21st inst. Subject of the lecture, "Wonders of the Humor Mind." X.

### Deaf-Mutes of Steelton, Pa.

ABRAHAM MARTIN.

Conspicuous among the representative citizens of this prosperous, busy town is Mr. Abraham Martin, who resides on the pleasant thoroughfare, Lincoln Street. Mr. Martin was born a mute, with the power of hearing, at Churchville, Dauphin County, Pa., in the year 1846, but at the age of four years he was deprived of the power of hearing by small-pox. He married a born mute lady, and located at Steelton, being employed in our great industrial works, known as the Pennsylvania Steel Company, as a hooker in the rail mill department. An intelligent and happy family surrounds Mr. Martin, having three bright and interesting children, the oldest of which is a promising lad of seven summers, and the youngest a new arrival, now four weeks old, a big bouncing boy, (adding to the father's joy). Between the two "rollicking chips of the father" is sandwiched a handsome and accomplished little daughter, whose graces are only excelled by her sweet temper. His children are all bright and intelligent and have full possession of the faculties of speech and hearing, and readily communicate with their affectionate parents in the mute language.

Mr. M. ranks in the class of our intelligent deaf-mutes, and is universally esteemed as an exemplary and honored citizen. He was educated at the Deaf-Mute's Asylum of Philadelphia, and left that institution with many marked degrees of honor, and carried with him positive evidence of the attainment of unexceptionable proficiency in the pursuit of his studies. The rewards of labor and life's ambition have secured for Mr. Martin one of the most comfortable and tasty homes in our midst, and the pleasant surroundings of his house fully exemplify his excellently cultivated taste for the beautiful. A magnificent lawn, embellished with beautiful flowers and exotics, shaded with ornamental and fruit trees of the rarest and costliest varieties, greet the eye with delight in the approach to his cozy residence. The fact of the possession of all these handsome domestic comforts having been acquired by industry and economy, render them worthy of mention. Mr. Martin is an admirer and devoted reader of the columns of the JOURNAL, the circulation of which is rapidly increasing in our town. This brief notice of Mr. M. is one of a series which will follow in the interest of our worthy deaf-mute citizens.

From New Mexico.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Good evening, cousins! Well, here I come again, to chat with you awhile. As it is coming on winter, and as there are no nuts to gather nor corn to husk, I have ample time to relate to you what has occurred here within the past few months. The Tertio-Millennial celebration and industrial exhibition, visited Santa Fe, this year in July, and was quite a success—which occurs once in every 333 years, if I am not mistaken. It was visited by people from all parts of America and Europe. Also the Territorial Fair took place on the first week of October, lasting six days. There was quite a display of minerals, vegetables, etc. Potatoes grow quite large in this country, considering the dry climate and light air. Twenty potatoes raised at Copper City weighed forty pounds. The natives grow grapes that can hardly be beat anywhere. The largest peaches that I saw in this place have been grown in my brother Tom's orchard in Santa Fe, since June. I did not get or read the JOURNAL till my return, else I would have written you before now. Mining is getting brighter here every day in this section of the country—Santa Fe County—and a boom is expected here this winter or next Spring. The mines that are now working, are paying nicely, and working night and day. As my letter is growing long, and not wishing to intrude on your valuable space, I will close up for the present. Hoping that cousins are all well.

COUSIN BILL.

#### NOTICES.

The Rev. T. B. Berry will hold a service for deaf-mutes in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Binghamton, N. Y., on Friday, Nov. 16, at 7:30 P.M.

The Rev. T. B. Berry will hold a service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Waterloo, N. Y., on Friday Nov. 23d, at 7 P.M.



# FANWOOD.

## DASHES IN AND OUT AMONG THE PUPILS.

### What is Engrossing the Public Mind.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Mr. Shotwell, of the garden department, is an old man. He is a graduate of the 50th St. Institution, and has been employed here for many years. He has labored faithfully and well, and by hard work has accumulated sufficient of this world's goods to enable him to pass the remainder of his days in comparative ease and comfort. The other evening, while half a dozen boys were racing around the Institution buildings, one or two of them ran violently against the old man, knocking him down. This appeared to be rare sport for those who witnessed the occurrence, but it was very poor fun for the inoffensive and harmless old man. We love to see happy, rollicking boys, indulge in games, but we also like to see boys respect the aged. Possibly the lads who knocked Mr. S. off his feet, did it unintentionally—we hope so for their own sake—but we think it could have been avoided, and hope they will exercise more discretion in future.

Visitors to the printing department are numerous, and are always interested. The spectacle of some twenty odd boys all busily engaged at various jobs, is both a novel and entertaining one. The good order and neatness in the office is especially noticeable and favorably commented upon. A pleasing feature is the attentiveness of the apprentices to their work, and callers are not started out of countenance upon entering the place. Each boy attends to his own business, and is oblivious to what is going on around him. This will be the making of the true workman, and is an example that may well be followed by every boy who happens to read this article.

The little boys who were removed from the Tarrytown Branch to the main Institution here, continue to receive instruction five hours daily, the same as while at the Branch. The older and brighter of them have been admitted to the trades department, and with a few exceptions, are apt learners.

A colored youth, giving his name as Whittington, and who claimed to be a graduate of the Columbia Institute at Kendall Green, made application for admittance as a pupil here on Thursday of last week, but received no satisfaction. However, he being without funds, a collection amounting to over \$8 was taken up to enable him to return to Virginia.

More than one of our youths opened his eyes in astonishment not unmixed with envy, as young F. W. Meinken came dashing down the driveway, handling the ribbons over one of his father's steppers, on Sunday afternoon of last week.

Willie Coombs, one of our promising thirteen-year-olds, was in Europe during the summer just passed. He left this city on the "City of Berlin," of the Iman Line, July 7th, and returned on the "City of Chester," same line, August 16th. His father accompanied him. While in London, many places of interest were visited, including the British Museum, Fisheries Exhibition and the Crystal Palace. Willie appears to have profited considerably by the trip.

A surly workman is sure to make himself disagreeable. When we see a large mute, who is working in the same office with a number of smaller ones, gruffly and ill-naturedly order them out of the way, it reminds us of an old rooster pecking at a number of little chickens who are all feeding out of the same meal pan. It is satisfaction for us to know that these little chickens will eventually develop into big roosters and wallow the present "cocks of the walk." Nothing can possibly be lost by courtesy, and those who imagine it to be out of place in the workshop, are those who do not practice it in the parlor or drawing-room.

Henry Schanck, of Catskill, N. Y., dropped in Friday. He informs us that as soon as the bank account of ex-supervisor Sloat is a trifle larger, there will occur a wedding.

A gathering of the Hare and Hounds Flat took place Friday evening last. Flat Theodore Lonnbrury waddled to a chair, and with a majestic wave of his hand, called the meeting to order. This feat having been successfully accomplished, Theo. glared around with an expression suggestive of complacency and fat. After much finger as well as leg wag, four candidates were nominated for Hares—viz., Messrs. Fox, Mann, Thimme and Rose. Owing to the fleetness of the limbs of W. Rose, they were quarantined. Mr. Thimme captured the tail end of the vote, accordingly Messrs. Fox and Mann were elected to scatter the paper on November 19th—the birthday of Dr. H. P. Peet. Both are good long distance runners, and we opine that it will take pretty fleet hounds to capture the brush. We nominated ourselves for a hare with a start of twenty-five minutes. Twenty-five howls responded on the too thin side, and our ambition earned out of the window accompanied by some fine cat.

A Lincoln Thomas sniffed the breezes of Jersey, at the residence of Henry Schanck, from Friday afternoon until Monday morning.

Edna McClurg returned to school on Friday. Great rejoicing in the den of the Jam Club.

The father of Mrs. J. C. Carson has been visiting her for a few days past.

A. C. Hargrave called at the printing office Tuesday last. He had just arrived from Washington, D. C., where he had been the guest of Mr. A. D. Bryant for a few days. From here, he proceeded to Hartford, and will probably reach his home in Boston, on Saturday.

Charles Schmidt would like to know where Thomas Bentley lives. Can any one inform him?

The sister of Mrs. Patrick Conroy, wife of the Institution coachman, died of consumption Sunday evening last.

Andrew Salmund, while engaged in a hare and hounds game Saturday last, ran so much that he fainted. Boys who have no control over themselves, should be prohibited from indulging in the game, as it is calculated to do them harm.

Mrs. I. V. Jenkin, wife of the Principal of the New Jersey Institution, visited friends around Fort Washington for a few days last week. She called at the Institution on Sunday, and during a pleasant conversation with her we learned that the New Jersey Institution was progressing finely. About seventy pupils are in attendance, with every prospect of this number being increased to one hundred by Christmas. The teachers and officers are enthusiastic in every thing that relates to their duties, and from present appearances a prosperous and successful future is in store for the youngest of our schools.

Misses Weyant, Atwell and Walcott partook of Holy Communion in the Washington Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday morning. Miss Logue and the Misses Long attended church in the city the same day, as also did Charles Sparrow.

Prof. Mann took tea with Supervisor Howell on the 11th inst.

Baltimore.  
STEWART—WINK.

A nice wedding was solemnized at the residence of the bride, No. 67 South Wolfe Street, on the night of Wednesday last, at 8:30 o'clock. Charles E. Stewart, formerly of Frederick City, but now a resident of Baltimore City. The couple entered the parlor and stood before Rev. Mr. Buchmann, pastor of the Luther Church, who pronounced them husband and wife to according to God's holy ordinance. Immediately after the ceremony, they were surrounded and hastily congratulated. The groom, who is a fine looking gentleman, wore a conventional black suit. The bride, who is the recipient of many useful presents, friends and relatives. A good number were present to witness the ceremony. After the ceremony, refreshments were served very nicely. The couple were driven to the residence of the groom's aunt, No. 65 Cross Street, which they will make their future home. There were no bridesmaids or groomsmen.

Mr. Stewart is a graduate of the Frederick School and a former student of the National Deaf-Mute College, and a first class can-maker in the large packing house of Louis McMurray & Co., and earns very good wages. The bride wore a handsome gray satin dress. Among those present, were Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Lizzie Partington, Misses Bruck, Wicks, Arnold, Perego, Pritchard, Messrs. McElroy, Mooney, Moylan, Underwood, Brantlick, Ramsay, Butterbaugh, Anderson, Saunter, Ladenslague, Smith, Driscoll, Gill, Sprague, Perego and others.

CHIPS.

Mr. S. H. Anderson has not been working in the Press office since he left Staunton, Va., last summer. He has got a job in the office of the Journal Publishing Company and is a skillful press feeder. We wish him success.

Mr. Partington, of Brooklyn, N. Y., came to Baltimore on Wednesday last, to obtain work, but failed to get any. It is said that he has gone to New York.

The engagement of Mr. Albert Brandick and Miss Pritchard has been announced. The marriage will take place during the coming winter.

It is rumored that Rev. Thomas Gallaudet will be in this city this week.

Messrs. Mooney and Sprague, will probably go to Philadelphia and attend the Levee. They will remain there for two or three days and expect to have a first rate time.

AN EYE WITNESS.

BALTIMORE, 11-8-83.

Jacksonville Jots.

Miss Luella Getty, one of the teachers of the Illinois Institution, had a pleasant birthday party on the 6th inst.

Dr. Gillet was in Morgan Park, Ill., to perform the wedding ceremony between Mr. J. W. Tipton and Miss Hattie Bartoo, on the 7th inst. The bridal couple immediately went to Kansas, where the groom has a sheep ranch.

Mr. Frank Read has two boys in the Illinois College. Philip recently won a prize for the best examination in Latin.

The boys have a fine egg-shaped foot ball, and have lots of fun and fuss too. Foot ball is not good for the temper.

There are two base ball clubs here. The stronger one is the Athletics and the weaker the Alerts.

The laggards are dropping in one by one, and are promptly dumped into a lower class. It pays to arrive on the first day school opens.

Misses Luella Getty and Cynthia Luttrell are studying Greek.

D. W. G.

# HEARING WITHOUT EARS.

## Alexander Graham Bell's Latest Invention.

### HIS SCHOOL FOR DEAF-MUTES IN WASHINGTON.

(From the Washington Star.)

In the midst of the splendid residences that surround Scott Circle there still stands a little old-fashioned brick house. Retired from the street with its modest front partially concealed by growing vines, it seems to court seclusion as if overcome by the magnificence of its neighbors, and in a deprecating way to apologize for its audacity in daring to be in such company. The lawn which bends about the front and side of the house, conforming in shape to the segment of the circle upon which it faces, is like the house, old fashioned, with its hedge and vine-covered arbor. There is, however, about the house and grounds just now the sweet gladness of childish voices and laughter, which is never old-fashioned. The merry groups pouring out of the doors and flitting about the lawn in gleeful play forms a picture of loveliness about the old place which contrasts sharply with the stately silence of magnificence all around it. If any one should attempt to pass up the walk which leads to the front entrance, as a Star reporter did the other day, he must remember to go slowly. For the little ones are all about, and they are playing games, and a thoughtless hand or a careless foot might commit irreparable injury and bring the quiver to the mouth or the fear to the eye of some sweet baby face. So, by carefully going around some mystic circle of little toddlers or edging past a tiny savant deep in geological delving and dirt, the visitor finds himself on the front porch. Through the wide open door a glance reveals the hallway and stairs, covered with a rich, soft carpet, and a long room at the side. A young lady answers the summons of the bell and the visitor inquires:

"Is this Mr. Alexander Graham Bell's school for deaf-mutes?"

"It is," replies the young lady, and then with an inquiring look at the stranger, she continues:

"Mr. Bell is at present in the school room; who shall I say called?"

Her question had a suggestive sound, and imparted an air of remoteness, as if she had said:

"Mr. Bell is at present at the North Pole; who shall I say called?"

With some misgivings, therefore, the visitor produced a card, and the young lady was obliging enough to take it up stairs.

A SCHOOL ON A NEW PLAN.

Presently Mr. Bell himself came down and greeted the visitor in his cordial manner.

"I have come to see your new school," said the reporter, rather abruptly.

"It is a new school in every sense of the word," replied Mr. Bell, as he led the way into the front room and took a seat. "We have hardly taken possession yet of this building. We are still moving from the other house which we have been occupying since October 1st. I have rented this house for a year, and it is about ready for use."

The children seem to be rather talkative for mutes," observed the reporter, as a flood of childish chatter and laughter floated in through the doorway and windows.

Mr. Bell smiled and said:

"I will show you my school. These rooms down stairs are for the use of a kindergarten school, and the children playing outside are the scholars. The school for deaf-mutes is up stairs, and it is the only school of the kind in the country, for the reason that it is an attempt to educate the two classes of children together. Perhaps you are not aware," he continued, in an earnest tone of voice, showing that he was deeply interested in the subject, "that there have been two methods of educating the deaf-mutes. The first by placing them in schools with other children. The result of this has always been that one class of children has been neglected for the other, and justice done to neither. Then the deaf-mutes were placed in institutions by themselves, and this has had the unfortunate tendency of keeping them separate and apart from the rest of the world."

A GOLDEN MEAN.

Now, in this school, I propose to try a new experiment, which will be the mean between these two systems. The deaf children will be instructed by themselves, but they will play with the hearing children in the playground, and join them for an hour or so every day in the kindergarten occupations. The deaf children will watch the actions of the hearing children and see them talk, and thus in their play hours they will acquire facility in the articulation method, which we will try to teach them. Children learn more rapidly from each other than they do from older persons, as any parent will tell you, and these little ones will supplement the instruction given to their less fortunate companions."

"But come up stairs, and you will see the school in operation," exclaimed the inventor, as he arose to lead the way. His tall form made the rooms of the little house look smaller.

AN ATHLETIC SCIENTIST.

Mr. Bell has not the spare figure and lack of physical vigor which too often characterize the student. He must be over six feet high, and his broad shoulders and developed chest

indicate a reserve power of health and strength. Judging from his powerful built body, one would not conclude that he was one of the eminent members of the National Academy of Sciences as well as a fellow of several of the foreign academies. His face is a striking one, broad and strongly marked with a high forehead, from which the black waving hair is pushed back in heavy masses. A dark lustrous eye, which brightens as he talks, gives character to the face.

As the reporter followed him up the stairs he could not help but recall that this distinguished man was but a few short years ago a poor and unknown teacher in Boston. While Dolebear, Gray and others were deep in experiments to make the new discovery of transmission of the sound of the human voice practical by securing distinctness, Mr. Bell, with the knowledge obtained in teaching deaf-mutes visible speech, solved the problem, and astonished the world with the invention of his telephone. At that time, now barely seven years ago, he had hardly sufficient money to meet the expense of securing a patent on his new invention. To day he has an immense fortune, and his name is known wherever the latest achievements of scientific investigation are appreciated. His life is like a tale out of

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

to those who only see results; but the Aladdin's lamp was, after all, his own brains and industry. He is still a young man, spending his days between the laboratory on Connecticut avenue and the work shop which he has fitted up in his elegant residence on Scott Circle, and finding time in the midst of his electrical investigations for philanthropic work of this description.

But the stalwart figure standing at the head of the stairs recalls the visitor from the brief retrospect. When the landing was reached he opened a door into a bright cheery room and said:

"This our school room."

It did not look like any school-room the reporter had ever seen before. It might have been a parlor. The doorways and windows were hung with handsome curtains and portieres, and the floor was covered with a soft rug. There were no desks or maps, and in the recess formed by the bay window was a cute little divan that ran all around it, just high enough for the little ones to climb up on the soft cushion. There were pictures on the walls and ornaments on the mantel and in the cabinets. But, after all, the charm of the room was not in these things, but rather in the group of

FAIR HAired CHILDREN.

that clustered in a circle about a low table which stood in the centre of the floor. They were playing some little game with pieces of pasteboard, and the teacher, a young lady, seemed to be as absorbed in the amusement as were the children. Presently the group dissolved, and a new game was begun under the guiding direction of the teacher, who was employing the kindergarten method.

"That little girl over there, remarked Mr. Bell, pointing to a child whose merry face was wreathed in smiles and who looked the picture of health and happiness, "lost her hearing some time ago, and since then she has been gradually losing the power of speech. She can talk but very little now, and in a short time if she continues shut off from the speaking world she will lose the faculty of speech entirely. She can now be made to understand only a very few things. You can't tell the child anything, for you have no way of making her understand. She is gradually forgetting how to talk."

The little girl, now six years of age, still retains some few words of speech, but it was the baby prattle which she had used before she had become deaf. Playing with her were two little girls about three and five years of age.

"All of my deaf-mute children are not here to-day," continued the scientist, as he crossed a little head that was resting against his knee. "These two little girls are my daughters. They are both able to speak and hear; but for the present I am going to have them with this little girl, as I think that they will aid her in acquiring visible speech. They are accustomed to talk with their mother, who is entirely deaf, and hence the movement of their lips are very distinct."

"I have seen in some of the newspapers," he went on, "the statement that my wife was born deaf and dumb and that I taught her to speak. Such is not the case, however. My wife became deaf, and since then she has acquired visible speech. She can understand what I say when I move my lips in speaking without uttering the words. She understands speech by the eye."

THE ARTICULATE METHOD.

"Perhaps I can give you some idea of the method of articulate teaching," he suggested, as he crossed to the opposite side of the room and stood in front of a white polished surface which served as a blackboard. Pointing to a series of black characters that resembled in their general appearance Chinese words, he said: "These characters are a modification of the phonetic alphabet invented by my father. The lines and curves which form them represent the shape of the mouth when the words are uttered. For instance, take the word, 'Ran,' which is represented by this character. Now, that is formed by the signs phonetically representing those three letters. The characters are taught to the children, as I can practically demonstrate to you," and he paused, and turning to the young lady teacher who was standing near asked if the children could have a lesson.

SPOILING A GAME OF ROMPS.

The young lady thought that they could, but just then the children had begun a fine game of hide and seek, and only one was visible. A murmur of laughter revealed the hiding place of another from behind the door, and, finally, the little deaf girl was drawn from beneath the window curtains, screaming with laughter, and all the rest joined in her merriment.

A row of tiny chairs were then drawn up to front of the board, and the children, together with the teacher, formed the class. The inventor with a pointer in his hand, and his kindly face winning the attention of the rest, little ones, stood in front of his class, and the singular recitation began. A recitation without a sound being uttered is like a river without water, but this was the kind that was conducted. Mr. Bell pointed to one of the characters on the board, at the same time moving his lips as if he was speaking the word. The first character represented the name of a child, and the one designated readily recognized her name and assumed an attitude of attention. Then the pointer moved along to another character, and the little girl rose to her feet. Following the pointer with her eye, and then watching the lips of her instructor, the little one began to walk up and down, then ran, and finally ran to the door, as she interpreted the visible speech from the lips of the inventor. In this way the little deaf girl was told to do a number of things, and she readily comprehended what was wanted.

A SILENT SCHOOL-ROOM.

When Mr. Bell turned to speak to the visitor the little ones scampered away again to their play and the lesson was over.

"After this school has fairly started," he remarked, "I don't intend to have an audible word spoken in the school-room. The teacher will communicate entirely with the scholars by means of visible speech. Even when they wish a plaything they make use of these bits of card board, which, as you can see, contain the names of various toys and objects. Here, for instance, is one which has the name doll written on it. The doll itself is similarly labeled, and the child by comparing the two soon becomes familiar with the written work. Then when they see it on the board they will at once recognize it."

"Does the inability to speak in a deaf-mute mean physical incapacity?" inquired the reporter, branching off into the general subject.

"Very young children, who are hard of hearing or who do not to hear at all, do not naturally speak," was the reply; "and this fact has given origin to the term 'deaf-mute,' by which it is customary to designate a person who is deaf from childhood. So constant is the association of defective speech with defective hearing in childhood that if one of your children, whom you had left at home hearing perfectly and talking perfectly, should from some accident, lose his hearing, he would also naturally lose his speech. This is so true that even a slight impairment of hearing is accompanied by a corresponding imperfection in speech."

"Why is this the case?" interrupted the listener.

"The most ingenious and fallacious arguments have been advanced in explanation," was the reply. "The learned Siscota, 150 years ago, argued that the nerves of the ear, and a defect in one caused a corresponding defect in the other. Even now the majority of people believe that

DEAF CHILDREN ARE DUMB on account of defective vocal organs. But why should children speak a language that they never heard? We do not, and no one would argue that our vocal organs were defective because we do not speak Chinese. It is a fallacy. The vocal organs of the deaf are as perfect as our own."

"Why, then, do they not speak?" asked the reporter.

"There is no reason why they may not all be taught to speak save by our ignorance of the mechanism of speech. The difficulties in the way of teaching them articulation lie with us. Speech is the mechanical result of certain adjustments of the vocal organs, and if we can explain to the deaf children the correct adjustment of the particular organs they possess they will speak. The difficulty lies with us. We learn to speak by imitating the sounds we hear in utter ignorance of the action of the organs that accompanies the sound."

"There has been one fallacy which has greatly impeded progress in the education of the deaf," continued Mr. Bell, "and that is the idea that there could be no reason without speech. It is difficult for us to realize the possibility of a train of thought being carried on without words. The old theory was that if a deaf-mute was to be taught to think he must first be taught to speak, and attempts were made to do this by imitating the miracles of Christ. As you saw in the case of the little girl, if a child possessed of its hearing and speech should suddenly become deaf, little by little the mother's tongue is forgotten, and the child becomes a deaf-mute. Experience has shown that the speech is very readily restored by causing the child to observe the movement of our own vocal organs."

SPEECH VISIBLE TO THE EYE.

"But here, again," continued Mr. Bell, thoughtfully, "a new fallacy has arisen, namely, that speech is as clearly visible to the eye as it is audible to the ear. When we come to examine the visibility of the elementary sounds of our language we shall find that the majority are not clearly visible to the eye. When the lips are closed we

cannot see what is going on inside the mouth. For instance, the sounds represented by the letters p, b, m, involve a closure of the lips, but while it is impossible for a child to say definitely whether the sound you utter is p, b, or m, he knows it is one of these three, for no other sounds involve a closure to the lips. So with words. He may not be able to tell the precise word that you utter, but it is impossible for him to refer it to a group of words presenting the same appearance to the eye. For instance, the words 'pat' 'bat' and 'mat' have the same appearance to the eye, but the deaf person can readily distinguish which is meant by the context. As for example, were you to say that you had wiped your feet upon a mat, it could not be pat or bat."

"Context is therefore the real key to the art of understanding speech by the eye," said Mr. Bell with emphasis. "But this involves as a prerequisite a vernacular knowledge of the English language. In cases where congenitally deaf children have acquired the art of reading speech by the eye as perfectly as those who have become deaf from disease, it is found that they have first acquired a vernacular knowledge of the English language, at least in its written form. It is a curious fact also that long words are more visible than short words. The gesture language is used as a vernacular in our modern instruction of English, and this prevents the acquiring of English as a vernacular and also causes the deaf to associate together in adult life. The gesture language is an artificial and conventional language quite different from the English."

THE ENGLISH INSTEAD OF THE GESTURE LANGUAGE.

"You propose then to teach one language," suggested the listener.

"There is no reason that I can see for teaching a person because he happens to be a deaf foreign language," was the prompt reply. "By associating the deaf children with the hearing children as far as possible they will acquire the more rapidly the power of communicating with them. If they have a language of their own they are bound to associate together in adult life, and the consequence is they intermarry and their affliction is transmitted to their offspring, so that the statistics to-day actually show that the deaf-mutes are increasing in number."

"In regard to the education of the deaf in this way," he continued, "the system is not an untried one. In 1878 I organized a day school in the city of Greenock, Scotland, and occupied a room in the academy there, which contained, I should think, upward of 200 hearing children. In this room the deaf children were taught by a special articulation teacher, sent from America. They were caused to associate with the hearing children in the academy in every way possible. They played with them in the playground, and joined them for instruction in such subjects as writing, drawing, sewing, &c. The success of this school has been so great that the Board of Education has recently adopted it as a permanency, throwing it open to all the deaf children of Greenock and the surrounding towns. I visited the school about a year ago, and found that all the deaf pupils had formed many friends among the hearing pupils of the academy, with whom they conversed quite freely by word of mouth. Their vernacular use of the English language was quite remarkable, especially when we consider that they were either born deaf or had lost their hearing in infancy."

DEAF CHILDREN IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"I expect," continued Mr. Bell, "before long to ask the Board of School Trustees of this city to set apart a room in one of the public schools for the instruction of deaf children."

"This feature of my present experiment I feel well assured will be a success," he remarked, confidently; "but as to my method of instruction, the success of that will be determined in time. I am pursuing now what I consider the natural method. How is a young child taught to speak? You don't begin to teach it sounds, then letters, then words, do you? No. That is not the way."

THE MOTHER TALKS TO IT.

whole sentences, and the child understands what is said long before it can speak. That is what I am doing with these little children. I talk to them all sorts of nonsense on the board, just such as you hear in the nursery. Well, the hearing child in his first efforts to speak, tries to remember these sounds, and finally he succeeds. But at first imperfectly, and this period of imperfect speech continues for a long time. The hearing child uses his ears; in my school the deaf child will use his eyes. That is all the difference. After I have established communication with the child, then I will write the characters representing the sound of the words on the board. I will speak the word. Then the child sees with his eyes the form of the sound just as the other child hears it and tries to imitate it. The imitation is imperfect. Then, as the mother repeats words and the child, after long practice, attains the correct pronunciation, so will I write on the board the form of the sound of the word as incorrectly pronounced by the child, and then the correct form. The child's eye sees the difference between the false and the true sound, and tries to attain the latter. He succeeds just as truly as a baby's prattle is changed by constant practice into the correct forms of English speech."

"But you must come up and see the school for yourself after it has been in operation for some time," said Mr. Bell, with a cordial smile, as the visitor took his departure.

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